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GENERAL GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.—[From a recent Picture.]

GENERAL GARIBALDI.

We publish on the preceding page a portrait of General Garibaldi, who is evidently going to be the hero of the new Italian war.

Joseph Garibaldi is the type of the gallant soldier of fortune, to whom the excitement of war is a necessity; but who, when his country's opportunity arrives, is never found wanting among her defenders. Of all the Italian patriots of 1848 he is, without doubt, the ablest, most sensible, and most respectable.

He was born at Nice, fifty-two years ago, of a good family. While yet a lad, he entered the naval service of Sardinia, and distinguished himself by several acts of bravery; but having taken part in a revolutionary movement at Genoa in 1834, he was obliged to fly the country. He took refuge in France, and shortly afterward accepted a command in the fleet of the Bey of Tunis. A very few months' service disgusted him with the Moors, and he sailed from the Mediterranean to South America, where war was raging on the La Plata. He offered his services to the President of Uruguay, and obtained the command of the fleet which was dispatched against Buenos Ayres. His occupation was destroyed shortly afterward by the Anglo-French intervention; but, nothing disconcerted, Garibaldi raised a partisan corps of 3000 men, and fought gallantly for a long period of time against Rosas.

Altogether he spent many years in South America, winning golden opinions, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of partisan warfare. He married a South American lady, whose beauty was as remarkable as her courage and devotion to her husband. She accompanied him in all his military movements, was by his side at the time of his greatest dangers, and died at last, of fatigue and distress of mind, during the disastrous retreat from Rome.

In 1848 the cry of Italian liberty reached Garibaldi in South America, and in a few weeks he was on Italian soil. The champion of Italy, then as now, was the King of Sardinia; to him Garibaldi offered his sword, and readily obtained the command of a *corps d'armée* to operate on those very same Alpine slopes where we hear of his victories now. He knows the ground, and the people know him. During the brief but disastrous war of 1848–'49 Garibaldi achieved wonders; but Piedmont was overmatched, and the day came when the gallant partisan was compelled to lay down his arms. He settled in Piedmont, became a member of the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, and took a leading part as a member of the Opposition.

The proclamation of the Roman Republic again roused him to action. He called his faithful legion together, and arrived at Rome in time to take the lead in the restoration of order. He had at this time with him Mazzini and all the other Italian patriots, very few of whom could compare with him in respect of experience or common sense, though not unfrequently their noisiness gave them an advantage over him with the Roman populace. The moment was critical. Rome was about to be attacked by the French. The French general, Oudinot, who perhaps had never heard of Garibaldi, despised his preparations for defense. He sent against him a corps of 3000 French troops, which Garibaldi very quickly defeated, and sent flying back in confusion. Another enemy—5000 Neapolitans—marching upon Palestrina, Garibaldi hastened to meet them too, and with his legion, 3000 strong, he utterly routed them. Within a day or two afterward, at Velletri, he was equally successful, and was badly wounded. So unequal a contest, however, could not last long. The French were steadily advancing on Rome, and all that could be done was to prepare the old city to stand a siege. This Garibaldi did so well, that, though the fortifications, as every one knows, are in a ruinous condition, he held the French at bay for a whole month, to the amazement of their generals, and the great indignation of the Emperor. When it became certain at last that the city must fall, he proposed to his colleagues to blow up the bridges, abandon the city, and take to the hills. This desperate counsel was not followed. He then resolved to fly with his legion. His speech on that occasion would have done no dishonor to Brutus or the Gracchi: "Soldiers," he said, "in recompense of the love you may show your country I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death; who accepts the terms let him follow me." The enthusiastic legion followed him to a man. The day before the surrender, Garibaldi, at the head of his faithful partisans, cut his way through the enemy's lines, and made good his escape to the little republic of San Marino. There he dismissed his comrades, and, with two hundred men, embarked for Genoa.

It was now evident to the practical mind of Garibaldi that the revolutionary movement was crushed, and that further resistance would be hopeless. He made up his mind resolutely to dismiss politics from his thoughts till a better time came, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. After a brief stay at Genoa he sailed for New York.

He spent some time here. A candle factory, which he established on Staten Island in conjunction with the celebrated tenor singer, Lorenzo Salvi, defrayed his expenses for a while. But the wily singer was more than a match, in business matters, for the patriot, and the candle factory failed. Garibaldi then started off to California, which was then the "promised land" for all adventurers. Shortly after his arrival there an American vessel in the port of San Francisco lost her captain; the post was offered to Garibaldi, who accepted it, sailed to China, and thence to Peru. In the latter country he could not resist an offer which was made to him of the chief command of the Peruvian army; but the Peruvian tactics, it would seem, did not exactly please him. He took the first opportunity of returning to his early vocation—the sea. For several years he commanded trading vessels, which not unfrequently sailed to New York, where Garibaldi was always received as a hero by his fellow-countrymen.

When the war in Italy broke out, Garibaldi at once appeared on the scene as the leader of a partisan force, under the general direction of the King of Sardinia. His exploits in Northern Italy are well known; he contributed not a little to the success of the campaign.

Since the conclusion of the peace Garibaldi has met with new troubles. His *début* as a member of the Sardinian Parliament proved unsatisfactory to his friends and very distasteful to himself. His marriage with a daughter of Count Raimondi proved still more unfortunate. Rumor accuses the lady of frailties both prior and subsequent to her marriage; and Garibaldi, it is said, not only refused to see her after the marriage, but spent three months in utter despair on a desert island.

Let us hope that his career in Sicily will efface the recollection of these sorrows.

THE WOOF OF LIFE.

I.

In the noontide glare and midnight gloom
A weaver is busily driving his loom;
And the woof of life is thrown off slow,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.
Strange figures are wrought for the world to view—
Over and over, for none are new,
The same old patterns are woven slow,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

II.

Beautiful tresses and siren's face,
The hands of the weaver carefully place;
With lust and vanity, sorrow and sin,
Crossed, recrossed, and woven in;
The pattern comes forth a scene of despair—
No hope of heaven is pictured there;
But a woman dying in wretchedness low,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

III.

A brow that is furrowed by seams of care
Is pushed by the weaver forward there,
And with greed of gain and love of gold
Is deftly woven: the tale is told
In the death-bed scene, where, with clutching hands,
The miser grasps at his gold and lands,
While death bears him off to an endless woe,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

IV.

A face bloodshotten is now thrust in,
With murder and theft, whisky and gin,
A broken heart and a ruined name,
That once gleamed bright in the path of fame:
This pattern is woven with little care,
For 'tis common enough in the fabric there;
In the libertine's death hell's torments glow,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

V.

A thoughtful face and a beaming eye,
With kisses of love and friendship's tie,
And faith and hope and charity free,
Are hid in the pattern that now we see:
The life is ending, but promises cheer
The mind closed up in the Saviour dear;
And the hopes through death in those promises show,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

VI.

In the noontide glare and midnight gloom
The weaver is busily driving his loom:
The threads are found in each one's life;
The patterns are scenes that end the strife
Of lust and avarice, woe and weal.
The labors of sin or of pious zeal
Are woven from life in death's last throe,
As the ponderous beam moves to and fro.

W. D. C.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 9, 1860.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END IN ITALY.

We make no apology for devoting so much of our space this week to illustrations of the impending war in Southern Italy. As compared with that conflict, the Japanese visit to the United States, the arrival of the Prince of Wales, the voyage of the *Great Eastern*, and such occurrences, are trivial in the extreme.

The course of civilization and human freedom depends, for a time, upon the success of Garibaldi. There are conjunctures in every age when the triumph or defeat of great principles hinges on the fortunes of individuals. Had Charles Martel been beaten at Tours, Europe might have been Mohammedan. Had Bonaparte won Waterloo, the world might have been French. Had Washington died at Valley Forge, we might have been in the condition of the Canadas, and historians would probably have now been descanting upon the absurdity of democratic systems of governments. Just so, at the present time, if Garibaldi's invasion of Southern Italy be crushed out, millions of people will conclude that God is on the side of despotism.

This is not a mere question of good or bad government for ten or twelve millions of Italians. It matters very little, practically, to the world at large how these millions are governed, and whether they are happy or miserable. Wise men—of liberal instincts—have been so disgusted by their degradation as to denounce them as only fit to be trampled. They are, however, a mere secondary consideration. The question at issue is, whether tyrants like Francis of Naples and Pius of Rome can maintain their divine right to crush and brutalize God's creatures, or whether there is and must be a divine retribution for such acts as theirs. The question is, whether men—living in Italy, or in Germany, or in France, or in Russia, or any where—have a right to their rational freedom or not. This is the point to be decided. If Garibaldi and his movement be crushed out, statesmen, and preachers, and journalists will argue that it was unwise, and contrary to divine intention; if they be successful, the same authorities will pronounce that it was providential, and monarchs will tremble on their thrones. Democracy, in the abstract, hangs in the balance.

We believe, for our part, that we are witnessing the beginning of the end. Garibaldi may be killed; but if he can hold out a few weeks longer, we believe that he will have kindled a flame which all the powers of Rome and Naples will be insufficient to quench. We look hopefully forward to see that glorious country—Southern Italy—purged of the pests and curses which have so long defiled it, and fulfilling the destiny for which it was created, by becoming one of the noblest, happiest, and richest portions of the world.

IRISH ETHICS.

The Dublin newspapers contain a proclamation warning Irishmen against enlisting in the service of the Pope. This became necessary in consequence of the enrollment of Irishmen—at the rate of fifty or sixty weekly—in a brigade which a Papal agent is now raising in the Emerald Isle. Similar demonstrations of sympathy with the cause of Pius the Ninth have been witnessed in this country; here, however, they have assumed a practical shape in donations of money—not men.

It is not fair to assume that the Irishmen who are willing to fight for the Pope or to hire others to fight for him, are ignorant of the nature of the impending contest. Irishmen are generally accused of ignorance; but they can hardly be so abominably ignorant as not to know that the Papal cause is the cause of oppression, torture, bigotry, and despotism, and that the cause of the Roman people is the cause of liberty, truth, democracy, and toleration. No child mistakes the issue—and discouraging as the progress of the Irish has been thus far in education, they can not be in error on the point.

It follows that the thousand odd Irishmen who abandoned work at Trieste to enroll themselves among the defenders of the Pope, and the hundreds who volunteered in Ireland, and the thousands who gave their money here, are deliberately taking the side of brutal despotism and blind oppression against rational liberty and popular rights.

The fact will enlighten the world on the nature of the next contest in Ireland. Hitherto, many Americans have been in the habit of considering the Irish an ill-used people, and of wishing them success in their struggles against the dominant English. But if the Irish idea of good government be the hideous tyranny enthralled at Rome civilization can be no gainer by their independence.

MEXICO AGAIN.

Some of the papers are talking about "the beginning of the end" in Mexico, on the strength of the breach between Zuloaga and Miramon. Let us take care not to be hasty in coming to conclusions.

The readers of this journal do not require to be reminded that the pending conflict in Mexico is the old fight between Church and people which has been fought out in England, France, Sweden, Spain, and Germany, and which—under another name—is being fought out in Italy: a fight inevitable in every country in which superstition on the one side, and ecclesiastical greed on the other, have built up a State Church and fattened it on the marrow of the land. The Roman Catholic Church in Mexico owns the bulk of the productive lands in that country, and consequently assumes to rule it. It can afford to keep armies on foot and to hire generals to lead them. On the other hand, the people are conscious of the mischief which the Church is doing, and seek to get rid of it. Hence the Conflict. The Church calls itself Conservative, and hires first one, then another—first Zuloaga, then Miramon—to crush out its enemies. Its strength is in its money. The people call their party Liberals, and seek—with some incidental errors—to establish a Government on a popular basis, independently of ecclesiastical control. They are led by various chiefs—men of capacity being more plentiful on their side than money.

Now no careful student of history needs to be warned how this conflict must end. Wherever the people have been roused against bloated hierarchies they have prevailed, and the creatures of superstition have gone to the wall. It is about to be so in Italy; it will be so in Mexico. The Pope and the Archbishop of Guadalaxara will both need a refuge in some neutral country before our generation dies out. But we must beware of expecting that one battle will settle the affair, at least in Mexico. Such immense wealth as the Mexican Church possesses, and such immense power as it wields over the superstitious minds of the Mexican peasantry, are not to be conquered in a day. The Mexican Church will die hard.

Foreign interference has already delayed the inevitable consummation. A pig-headed Briton—Mr. Otway, whose sole thought was to embarrass the United States—succeeded for years in lending the support of England to the Church party. A hungry rogue—M. Gabriac, the French Minister—did the same thing for other purposes. Our own representatives in Mexico have gravely injured the popular cause by indiscreet manifestations of sympathy, which have justified the priest party in accusing their adversaries of undue familiarity with foreigners. Altogether, thus far, foreign interference in Mexico has been pernicious.

What we and the rest of the civilized world have to do is very simple—it is simply to remain quiet and to look on. Compromises and armed interventions will only aggravate, can not cure the disease. The fight must be fought on till it is fought out. The Mexican Church must be stripped of its ill-gotten gain, and that by the Mexican people without foreign aid. If we and other foreigners let Mexico alone, this will come to pass before very long; and then Mexico will enjoy a stable and a safe Government, a respectable foreign commerce, and a large and prosperous home industry. But we must not try to hasten events.

THE LOUNGER.

THACKERAY UPON THE FIGHT.

In the new number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, not yet published, Thackeray treats of the late fight, as in the ninth chapter of the "Uncommercial Traveler," published in the *Weekly* of last week, Dickens has a sly little word about the combatants. Thackeray talks of it like a genuine Briton, as they all do, in fact, over the sea, except the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and as if there were much more of the Bull than the John in their view of the matter.

"I am not going to expatiate on the battle. I have read in the correspondent's letter of a Northern newspaper, that in the midst of the company assembled the reader's humble servant was present, and in a very polite society, too, of 'poets, clergymen, men of letters, and members of both Houses of Parliament.' If so, I must have walked to the station in my sleep, paid three guineas in a profound fit of mental abstraction, and returned to bed unconscious, for I certainly woke there about the time when history relates that the fight was over. I do not know whose colors I wore—the Benician's, or those of the Irish champion; nor remember where the fight took place, which, indeed, no somnambulist is bound to recollect. Ought Mr. Sayers to be honored for being brave, or punished for being naughty? By the shade of Brutus the elder, I don't know.

"In George II.'s time there was a turbulent navy lieutenant (Handsome Smith he was called—his picture is at Greenwich now, in brown velvet, and gold and scarlet; his coat handsome, his waistcoat exceedingly handsome; but his face by no means the beauty)—there was, I say, a turbulent young lieutenant, who was broke on a complaint of the French embassador for obliging a French ship of war to lower her topsails to his ship at Spithead. But, by the King's orders, Tom was next day made Captain Smith. Well, if I were absolute king, I would send Tom Sayers to the mill for a month, and make him Sir Thomas on coming out of Clerkenwell. You are a naughty boy, Tom! but then, you know, we ought to love our brethren, though ever so naughty. We are moralists, and reprimand you; and you are hereby reprimanded accordingly. But in case England should ever have need of a *few* score thousand champions, who laugh at danger; who cope with giants; who, stricken to the ground, jump up and gayly rally, and fall, and rise again, and strike, and die rather than yield—in case the country should need such men, and you should know them, be pleased to send lists of the misguided persons to the principal police stations, where means may some day be found to utilize their wretched powers, and give their deplorable energies a right direction. Suppose, Tom, that you and your friends are pitted against an immense invader—suppose you are bent on holding the ground, and dying there, if need be—suppose it is life, freedom, honor, home, you are fighting for, and there is a death-dealing sword or rifle in your hand, with which you are going to resist some tremendous enemy who challenges your championship on your native shore? Then, Sir Thomas, resist him to the death, and it is all right: kill him, and Heaven bless you. Drive him into the sea, and there destroy, smash, and drown him; and let us sing, *Laudamus*. In these national cases, you see, we override the indisputable first laws of morals. Loving your neighbor is very well, but suppose your neighbor comes over from Calais and Boulogne to rob you of your laws, your liberties, your newspapers, your parliament (all of which *some* dear neighbors of ours have given up in the most self-denying manner): suppose any neighbor were to cross the water and propose this kind of thing to us? Should we not be justified in humbly trying to pitch him into the water? If it were the King of Belgium himself we must do so. I mean that fighting, of course, is wrong; but that there are occasions when, etc.—I suppose I mean that that one-handed fight of Sayers is one of the most spirit-stirring little stories ever told; and, with every love and respect for Morality—my spirit says to her, 'Do, for goodness' sake, my dear madam, keep your true, and pure, and womanly,

and gentle remarks for another day. Have the great kindness to stand a *leetle* aside, and just let us see one or two more rounds between the men. That little man with the one hand powerless on his breast facing yonder giant for hours, and felling him, too, every now and then! It is the little *Java* and the *Constitution* over again.

"I think it a most fortunate event for the brave Heenan, who has acted and written since the battle with a true warrior's courtesy, and with a great deal of good logic, too, that the battle was a drawn one. The advantage was all on Mr. Sayers's side. Say a young lad of sixteen insults me in the street, and I try and thrash him, and do it. Well, I have thrashed a young lad. You great, big tyrant, couldn't you hit your own size? But say the lad thrashes me? In either case I walk away discomfited; but in the latter, I am positively put to shame. Now, when the ropes were cut from that death-grip, and Sir Thomas released by the recognized, the Eu-rope-an laws—the gentleman of Benicia was confessedly blind of one eye, and speedily afterward was blind of both. Could Mr. Sayers have held out for three minutes, for five minutes, for ten minutes more? He says he could. So we say *we* could have held out, and did, and had beaten off the enemy at Waterloo, even if the Prussians hadn't come up. The opinions differ pretty much according to the nature of the opinants. I say the Duke and Tom could have held out, that they meant to hold out, that they did hold out, and that there has been fistifying enough. That crowd which came in and stopped the fight ought to be considered like one of those divine clouds which the gods send in Homer:

> "'Apollo shrouds
> The godlike Trojan in a vail of clouds.'

It is the best way of getting the godlike Trojan out of the scrape, don't you see. The *nodus* is cut; Tom is out of chancery; the Benicia Boy not a bit the worse, nay, better than if he had beaten the little man. He has not the humiliation of conquest. He is greater, and will be loved more hereafter by the gentle sex. Suppose he had overcome the godlike Trojan? Suppose he had tied Tom's corpse to his cab-wheels, and driven to Farnham, smoking the pipe of triumph? Faugh! the great hulking conqueror! Why did you not hold your hand from yonder hero? Every body, I say, was relieved by that opportune appearance of the British gods, protectors of native valor, who interfered and 'withdrew' their champion."

TOM BROWN.

Mr. Hughes, the author of "School-days at Rugby," and the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, is writing a serial continuation of his first novel. It is called "Tom Brown at Oxford," and appears here in monthly parts from Ticknor & Co. The novel is strictly of the Prize-Ring school. Its details of English University life are vivid and interesting, and as an illustrative treatise upon muscular Christianity it is extremely amusing. It is the apotheosis of muscle. The action of the story for the six months now ended, and of the first three hundred pages of the book, is the training for a boat-race in which Tom's boat, that of St. Ambrose, wins. The hero, thus far, is not Tom, but Hardy—a poor, proud, pious servitor of the most formidable biceps, a tremendous boxer, a tremendous rower, a tremendous scholar, and a tremendous Christian. In its details of boating and training the book is curiously minute, but interesting; and the scenes are all sharply cut. But the deliberate didactic effort is so apparent—the "good boy" is so prominent—that the book becomes, what probably would profoundly appal the author, "spoony." The effort to show that a good scholar and a good man is not necessarily a milksop is timely and commendable, but it is overdone in Tom Brown at Oxford, as it is in several of the recent popular novels.

The book, so far, is thoroughly English; and it is curious to observe how like and very unlike we are to our cousins. The life described is no more like that of an American college town than that of a Paris student is, and yet we are almost at home in it all the time. It is entirely realistic, and might be the diary of an Oxford man. The only heroines of whom, in three hundred pages, we have any glimpse is Miss Winter, who is just now introduced, and Patty, a pretty bar-maid, with whom Tom fancies himself in love, but as yet she plays no other part in the story. Indeed, there is no plot at all. It is a description of University life at Oxford, with sketches of character there. It all lies in full daylight. There are no shades, no mysteries, no doubt or suspense, no romance of any kind, in the usual sense of the word. Neither has it the faintest touch of imagination. Thackeray is said to be destitute of imagination; but let the reader compare the University life of Pendennis with that of Tom Brown, and remark the singular difference of impression. The foolishness of folly is just as apparent in Pendennis, and the value of pluck; but it is not preached at you any more than it is in life; and, without speaking of it, a kind of poetic aura hangs around the whole narration, as if college and its life were felt by the reader as Pendennis himself felt it. It is not told to him by a head-master.

Mr. Hughes's story is the work of a clever man, and it is good, hearty reading. It has a very obvious and very wholesome purpose; and if young men at the English Universities do not hereafter prefer the path of honor, and industry, and gymnastics to that of self-indulgence and sin, it will not be the fault of the historian of Tom Brown.

MILBURN'S NEW BOOK.

A few months since the Lounger had a good word to say, and said it, of Mr. Milburn's autobiographical sketches. Their peculiar merit was recognized by the public, and the book was one of the successes of the year. Now he has published another, "Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi Valley"—a work full of that eloquent enthusiasm which marks every thing he does. For Mr. Milburn not only speaks, but he writes, eloquently; and, moreover, his eloquent writing is delightful reading. His feeling for wild nature and adventure is so fresh and genuine and warm, that in his brain the stories of the old Spanish conquerors and explorers upon our southern shores acquire a new romance and interest. The search for the fountain of youth, the desperate march across the continent to the shores of the great river, and the whole early life of the South inevitably and irresistibly appeal to the quick fancy of the fervid preacher; and the blind man showers color and richness upon his pages.

The substance of this work was thrown into the form of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston, a few years since. The interest and attention they then excited will be more than renewed by the collected printed form. Himself a development of the Western and Southern spirit, although born upon the Atlantic border, profoundly loyal to the life, friendships, and institutions of the people among whom he has long lived, the author speaks and writes with a generous ardor which will be very sure to make his book peculiarly prized in the regions which it describes, while it is to all others an admirable illustration of their especial genius.

WHO WILL BE THE HANSOM MAN?

The rapid advance of the Central Park toward completion will perhaps suggest to some wise man what a capital thing a convenient and cheap vehicle would be, in which to drive out to, and through, those noble pleasure-grounds. It may be interesting intelligence to somebody that there is a fortune to be made by the man who starts Hansom cabs in New York. He has only to provide clean and easy vehicles of this kind, put and keep the charges rigorously low, say half a dollar an hour, or a course, and lower if he dare, and the demand for them would be delightful and surprising to the brave man who begins the movement.

There are, perhaps, more than two objections to the public hacks. They are very dirty and inconvenient, and you are sure to have a terrible row in settling with the coachey. But if you and your friend could take an open Hansom cab at the Battery, drive up the gay Broadway, and out to the Park, bowl along its smooth hard roads, seeing every thing and every body as if you were in your own wagon, and back again to any point you chose, and all for a little money, attended with the blissful consciousness that you were not to be insulted and cheated, what greater evidence of a triumphant civilization could you demand?

A Hansom cab is a very low-hung square-topped gig with a seat for the driver behind. It is a gondola on wheels. The lines pass over your head as you sit. You see only the horse, and the wide, wide world before you, and you direct Cabby through a little door in the gig top. It is just the thing for the Park, if it can be kept at just the price for the thing.

THE NEW NIAGARA.

Mr. Church's picture, followed by that of Mr. Gignoux, seemed so fully to have done the work of representing the great cataract that, unless Mr. Thorpe's had been painted, we might not have known how inexhaustible the subject is. That Mr. Thorpe's name, also, has been hitherto ranked with the authors rather than the artists, made the pleasure in his work also a surprise. He has selected, for his view, an imaginary point immediately in front of the whole fall—so near that every part can be seen, and yet distant enough for the harmonious combination of the whole. The great objects and characteristics are, of course, the old familiar ones; but he has so happily chosen and wrought that the majesty and grandeur of the spectacle have a peculiar freshness and charm. Mr. Thorpe's picture is distinguished by simplicity and breadth. It gives the spectator at once the fullest impression which the traveler derives from studying the falls from many points and at lucky moments. It is the picture which we all bring away in our minds, even if we have not seen it with our eyes; for, strictly speaking, nobody has ever seen precisely the view represented in it.

As a work for engraving it is especially admirable. It is much too technically excellent to be considered as that of a mere amateur, and henceforth we shall have a right to require and expect from Mr. Thorpe beautiful pictures.

DOG LAW.

Somebody was recently bitten by a dog belonging to Mr. Niblo and brought a suit for damages. For some reason he lost the suit. But why a man should not be able to recover against another who indulges himself in keeping wild beasts is a difficult question to answer. Because it seems to be only fair that people should keep animals of all kinds at their own risk and not at that of others. Dogs are universally pets; but they are also notoriously intended to serve as a kind of private police. In the country, for instance, dogs are kept as sentinels and protectors. The intention is that they shall seize offenders by the legs—and a placid faith is cherished that they will discriminate between the rogue and the respectable citizen. But when this discrimination fails, who is to suffer? Of course you will be told that the animal never bites—that he is perfectly harmless—that he is as playful as a kitten—that he has a singular knack at telling who is who, etc., etc.; but when all these things, which every body says of every dog, are said and done with, and then the dog lays hold and puts his teeth into your child's cheek or your own arm or leg, are you to pay all the consequent surgical expenses, and run the risk of lock-jaw and hydrophobia, with no other comfort than that you are a —— fool to be afraid of a dog?

A man has no right to set spring-guns and traps upon the highway because thieves abound. I'm not a thief, and I have a right to walk the roads without having my legs surreptitiously cut off. Neither has a man a right to keep savage dogs, which rush out and bark and bite at the innocent wayfarer under the pretense that he is only protecting his property. The innocent wayfarer doesn't endanger his property. A man who keeps a bull-dog is a pest to society. His neighbor, if he be a man of common sense, will keep a gun and use it at sight.

The case of the Veteran and Mr. Niblo merely serves as a text. In that particular instance the dog was, as he ought to have been, chained in a remote part of the building, which it was forbidden to enter. It was also in evidence that he was old and useless and could not bite a rat. But that seems too much evidence; for why, under such circumstances, was he chained at all? And if he could not bite a rat, how did he succeed in biting a man so that he must have recourse to a hospital and surgical treatment?

The Court charged the jury that every one might lawfully keep a dog; and, unless they were satisfied that this particular dog was accustomed to bite men, and that the defendant knew it and yet did not chain him, the defendant was not liable. Now Mr. Niblo is a public benefactor to all of us children—and no man is held in more grateful esteem; but it does seem that the fact that a dog bites a man without provocation should be sufficient proof that he is a biting dog, and the man so bitten, while engaged in his lawful avocations, ought not to suffer. A man may have a garden, and in it one particular shed which it is forbidden to enter, and in which he keeps a royal Bengal tiger, old and loose or chained, and half-starved. But unless the fact of the forbidden entrance be made unavoidably evident, it really seems as if the heirs of the unwary stranger, who ventured within the shed in search of the proprietor, ought to be justified in an action for damages.

THE JEWEL CONSISTENCY.

I was listening the other day to an exciting harangue by a fluent orator in praise of a man who died more than a hundred years ago. He was commended for his heroism and devotion, and his cheerful sacrifice of himself and all his prospects in life to a great principle. Especially he was exalted for a willingness to be misunderstood and reviled by his contemporaries as a fool and a fanatic. And certainly it does require some real courage to endure contempt calmly, and to push on placidly while every body considers you a fool.

The point was well put, and the story of the man's life well told. The orator did not spare his stinging sarcasms upon those who could not or would not perceive and acknowledge the genuine worth of the hero; and he closed with an eloquent appeal to all who heard him not to be prejudiced by any traditional slander, but to look at the hero's essential greatness of soul, and never fail to honor it accordingly.

As I walked slowly home, reflecting upon what I had heard, I was startled to find myself discovering that the orator himself was one of the most striking examples of the very stupid spirit of the public which he had so sarcastically delineated and so pointedly denounced. For while he was thus busily commending the dead of a hundred years ago, urging us to build monuments to his perpetual memory, and to the eternal confusion of his traducers and foes, he was himself at heart one of those very enemies—unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less unquestionably.

Only the day before I had read a public letter from the same speaker, in which he condemned as wicked and treasonable the course of one of his contemporaries, which was the identical course of the hero he praised so warmly within the following twenty-four hours. He held him up to contempt and pierced him with ridicule. He was a demagogue, a fool, and a fanatic. Society was no more safe with such a man than a powder magazine with a lucifer match. He was an impracticable enthusiast—a lunatic, but not harmless—a citizen whom all loyal people must condemn.

The more I thought of it, the clearer and the more ludicrous it seemed; for the orator himself represented in our own day precisely the persons whom he denounced in the past; and I knew that had he lived a hundred years before he would have written letters and have made speeches to show the man to be an utterly pestilential fellow, whom he now invited us to remember with the profoundest gratitude.

I suppose the moral is, that people who believe in the *statu quo* at all hazards ought to be very careful how they praise those who disturbed the *statu quo* a thousand or a hundred years ago; because such praise, even while it is uttered, becomes criticism of themselves. And it is a great pity that an orator should speak so vividly of other times and men as to draw upon himself by the contrast he provokes the contempt and scorn which always wait upon cowards.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TUPPER'S SONNET CCCI.

TO MY FIVE NEW KITTENS.

Soft little beasts, how pleasantly ye lie
  Snuggling and snoozing by your purring sire,
  Mother I mean (but sonnet-rhymes require
A shorter word, and boldly I defy
Those who would tie the bard by pedant rule).
  O kittens, you're not thinking, I'll be bound,
  How three of you had yesterday been drowned
But that my little boy came home from school,
And begged your lives, though Cook remonstrance made,
  Declaring we were overrun with cats,
  That licked her cream-dish and her butter-pats;
But childhood's pleadings won me, and I said—
"O Cook, we'll keep the innocents alive;
They're five, consider, and you've fingers five."

"The Initials."—A lady friend of ours, who, having a small house, of course likes to give large parties, has found that, since the fashion of wide petticoats came in, her rooms will hardly hold half the number that they used to do. In order, therefore, to make space to accommodate more guests, she has lately hit upon the notable expedient of putting a curt postscript to her female invitations, requesting moderation in circumference of dress. The postscript consists merely of the letters "P. C. L.," which being interpreted, mean simply: "Please Come Limp!"

ADDITIONAL ANECDOTES OF QUASHY QUANDO.

In his latter years the habit of drinking to excess became fixed upon Uncle Quashy, and was a source of great annoyance to those who wished him well. Upon an occasion he was found lying beside the road in a neighboring town by the clergyman of that parish, who, dismounting from his horse, helped the old fellow to his feet again, and then administered a good dose of moral and religious reproof and exhortation. The delinquent listened with respectful attention, and the divine was congratulating himself on his success, when, at a pause in the discourse, Quashy suddenly remarked,

"Yes, Massa Kendall, dat all berry true, berry good preachin' 'deed for Plymo't folks, but I b'longs to Kings'on now."

Under the act of manumission Quashy became a freeman, and was acquainted with the fact by his master, who was very willing to resign his small services in consideration of Quashy's resigning the dictatorship of the domestic realm, which he had gradually assumed much to the annoyance of his co-servitors.

The novel idea of independence proved agreeable to the old man's mind, and he soon removed himself and his effects to the hut of Pompey Eely, in a part of the town called New Guinea, and here the biographer feels impelled to pause for a moment to explain the singular sobriquet of Quashy's landlord.

Pompey had also originally been held to service by one of the rich men of the town of ——, but had either hired his time or received it as a gift some years before he became legally free, and building himself a hut on the lake shore, he devoted himself principally to fishing and eeling, finding a ready market for his finny captives in the neighboring town. Coming in one day with a basket upon his arm containing the latter commodity, Pompey was accosted by a frequent customer with the query,

"Good-morning, Pomp; got some eels to-day?"

"Yes, massa, fus-rate ones, too."

"Well, leave a bunch at my kitchen door, and ask the madam to give you a shilling."

"Two shillin', massa; dat dem price to-day."

"Two shillin', you rascal! What do you mean by that? You never asked but one before."

"Know dat well 'nough, Massa Thomas—nebber ask but one afore; nebber would now, ony fer leetly bird tell me mus'."

"Tell you to charge two shillings for eels, Pompey?"

"Yes, massa, sure's you 'tannin' dere, he sot on bush, side de road, jus' as I start from home dis mornin', an' he sing out tree times ober, 'Eely ëëly Pömpey ëëly, sell-oo-eely-oney-shillin'—twoey-shillin'!' So you see, Massa Thomas, couldn' sell dese yere 'tic'lar eely less'n two shillin' eny way."

So Quashy went to live with Pompey Eely, and the two old men kept house together in great harmony for several years, until old age and disease laid hands so heavily on Quashy Quando that he was no longer able to contribute toward either the funds or the labor of the little *ménage*, and he became a pensioner upon the bounty of his former master. This was neither stinted nor unwilling, and matters went on very comfortably for both parties, until one day a message was received at the great house that Quashy wished very much to see one of the family in the course of the day; and Priscilla, the youngest daughter of the house and Uncle Quashy's prime favorite, was deputed to attend the summons.

A pleasant walk brought her to the hut, when her low knock was answered from within by—

"Walk in, Miss Prassy, my dear. Berry glad you come, honey; an' I 'mazin glad I done lib to see you once more, fer ole Quash near his end, I b'lieve, for sartain."

"Oh no, uncle, don't say that."

"Yes, I mus', Prassy, my dear, 'cause it de trut', an' trut' mus' be 'poken at all time. But I wanted to see you, honey, to gib you an' all massa's folks a warnin', same as I got warnin' las' night."

"Warning of what, Uncle Quashy?"

"Dunno, chile, 'cept de worl' comin' to an en'; but all las' night de locusses kep' a hollerin' under dis yer winder, 'O Phāro, Phāro, Phāro! O Phāro, Phāro, Phāro!' an' Prassy, my dear, 'twan't for nuffin; so mine my words, chile, an' take de warnin' in time, jis as I'm gwine fer to do."

And it is to be hoped that the warning, as he chose to consider it, helped the old man to loose his hold on earth and earthly joys, and turn to the belief, which in his simple and humble way he had so often expressed, in immortal joys beyond the grave, for that very night dear old Quashy Quando lay among the dead.

A Curious Consolation.—Some time ago a good wife, residing in the neighborhood of Perth, went to town to purchase some little necessaries, and to visit several of her old acquaintances. In the course of her peregrinations she had the misfortune to lose a £1 note. Returning home with a saddened heart, she encountered her husband employed in the cottage garden, to whom she communicated at great length all her transactions in town, concluding with the question—"But, man, you winna guess what's befaun me?"—Deed, I canna guess," said the husband, resting musingly on his spade.—"Aweel," rejoined his helpmate, "I hae lost a note; but dinna be angry; for we rather ought to be mair than thankfu' that we had ane to lose!"

The *Religious Intelligencer* says: "The question has been started in some of the papers why so few women have been converted during the present season. Some suppose that there is a reason in the present mode of dressing. The number of females compared to males found at the altar of prayer is remarked by many as less than the usual proportion. If hoops keep persons away from the altar, either as mourners or laborers, the number of souls saved is likely to be less; hence we infer that hoops keep souls out of the kingdom."

Two Yankees were strolling in the woods without any arms in their possession, and observing a bear ascending a tree with its large paws clasped round the trunk, one of them ran forward and caught the bear's paws one in each hand. He instantly called out to his comrade: "Jonathan, I say, go home and bring me something as fast as you can to kill the varmint. Mind you don't stay, or I'm in a fix."

Jonathan ran off as fast as he could, but was an exceedingly long time in returning. During the interval the bear made several desperate attempts to bite the hand of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back.

"Hullo, what the deuce kept you so long?"

Jonathan replied, "Well, I'll tell you: when I got home breakfast was ready, and I guessed it would be as well to wait for it."

"Here now, Jonathan," said his comrade, "come you and hold it, and I will kill the critter in a jiffy."

Jonathan seized the bear's paws, and held the animal until the other should kill it.

"Well, have you hold of him?"

"I guess I have."

"Very well, hold him fast; I'm off for dinner."

Several years ago Thomas Williams was running for Congress in Illinois; and as he was fully persuaded that in many instances the "gray mare is the better horse," he omitted no opportunity of "plowing with the heifers" of his hoped-for constituents to win votes.

It was a close canvass, and our eager candidate did not spare even domiciliary visits in his peregrinations through his district.

Arriving one day at a farm-house in Henry County, he found a family in which several women were busily engaged in the domestic manufacture of flaxen cloths. His expressions of pleasure at the sight were unbounded. "He always went in for home manufactures—had been raised in that school;" "for many is the day," said he, "that I have spent in my youth *hoeing* the flax which my mother and sisters afterward made into clothes for the family."

Hoeing flax!

MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

WE publish on this page Colton's map of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which is about to be the scene of a new Italian war. The reader will remark, at the western extremity of Sicily, the town of Marsala, where Garibaldi landed, and which the Neapolitan frigates proceeded to bombard in consequence.

The kingdom of the Two Sicilies comprises all the southern portion of the Italian peninsula, from the southern boundary of the States of the Church, and likewise the splendid Island of Sicily. The latter contains about 10,000 square miles, the peninsula about 31,000; so that, together, the area of the kingdom is about as large as that of the State of Louisiana. The population may be roughly stated at 9,000,000, of which Sicily contains over two—probably not more than a quarter of the population of the same region eighteen hundred years ago. This kingdom, and these nine millions of people, are ruled by Francesco Secondo, a Bourbon, son of that king who was known throughout the civilized world by the nickname of Bomba, in consequence of his fondness for bombarding his own cities. The occurrence at Marsala shows that, in this respect, the son treads dutifully in the steps of the father. No part of the globe has been more favored by Nature than the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Blessed with a splendid climate, a large area of very fertile land, a sea-coast even more extensive, in proportion to the interior, than that of the United States, a healthy air, and an admirably central position, Sicily and Southern Italy were evidently intended to be the garden and the granary of the Mediterranean. But Nature was not satisfied with supplying this happy region with the ordinary products of fertile countries. Besides wheat, maize, cotton, rice, oil, wine, tobacco, olives, fruits, which it can produce as abundantly as any other part of the world, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies contains sulphur, silk, and manna, in quantities sufficient—if the production were wisely encouraged—to afford a handsome public revenue, and to enrich a large population. It enjoys every variety of climate; snowy summits on the Abruzzi look down upon delicious temperate regions in the mountain valleys and tropical plains in Southern Sicily.

There was a time when these advantages were appreciated by their possessors and turned to good account. Before Rome, Tarentum flourished and rivaled the great cities of Asia in splendor. Authentic European history dates from the great struggle between Rome and Carthage for the possession of Sicily. From the close of that war down to the dark ages, Sicily was what God intended it to be—the garden of the Mediterranean. When fierce north winds delayed the arrival of Sicilian ships at Rome rich men were forced to put up with plain food and the poor starved. Nor was Southern Italy less prosperous. On the hills where the long struggles between Rome and Samnium, Rome and Umbria, and lastly Rome and Hannibal had been fought out, countless flocks of sheep and goats were fattened for the markets of the Imperial city; the shore was studded with flourishing towns and lovely Roman villas. Wealth, plenty, happiness, and luxury—such is the picture of Southern Italy which we find in the historians of the palmy days of Rome.

What a change now! In the peninsular portion of the kingdom there is but one town of any size—Naples; in Sicily two—Messina and Palermo—both monuments of the past rather than actors in the movement of the present day. Of the 9,000,000 inhabitants about 40,000 are priests and monks, and probably 1,500,000 dependent, directly and indirectly, on the Church for support. The Church owns nearly one-third of all the land in Sicily. The foreign trade of the country has fallen away to mere nominal proportions, and would have been extinguished altogether but for the indignant remonstrances of foreign nations. For years the best men in the kingdom have been either driven into foreign countries or kept in dungeons at home. The Government, sustained by Austrian troops and Austrian influence, appears to have devoted itself exclusively to the extension of the power of the Jesuits, and the crushing out of liberal ideas. The reports of the travelers who went through

MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES.

Calabria after the late earthquake are fearfully suggestive. In most instances the only relief obtained by the sufferers came from foreigners. The English and Germans raised a large fund for the purpose, but refused to allow any portion of it to be disbursed by native officials. The almoner of the English fund—a man of great energy and courage, went through the devastated region in person with the money. In one place he was attacked by robbers; the man who tried to garrote him, while confederates clutched at his bag of ducats, was the village curate. This was in broad daylight. We published a portion of his report in the *Weekly* about a year ago.

Both in Sicily and in the Peninsula the priests display the same blind greed which characterizes their brethren in Mexico; and the government invariably supports them. Quite recently the people of a small town built a theatre; the Jesuits, jealous that money should be spent for any public building that was not a church, laid claim to the ground, obtained a judgment from Naples in their favor, seized the theatre, and, with a few changes, turned it into a church. A man of some wealth died in 1858, leaving a handsome property to the widow—in spite of the earnest endeavors of the priest who shrove him, and who urged the claims of the Church. The priests, not a whit baffled, contested the will, and the minor tribunals unhesitatingly gave judgment in their favor. The case was carried to Naples. The lady retained one of the most eminent counsel.

"Madam," said the lawyer, "how much money can you afford to spend to win your case?"

A large sum was mentioned and counted out in ducats; with this the lawyer called upon the minister of justice, and, after briefly explaining the case, laid the bag on the table and left, observing, "There are my client's strongest arguments." A few days afterward judgment was rendered in favor of the lady; but the Church was compensated by a grant of some property which was taken from a suspected Liberal.

This is the kingdom, and these the institutions which Garibaldi has gone to war to overthrow.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

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CHAPTER XIX.

FANDANGO ON ONE LEG.

HALF a mile, perhaps, inland from the sheds where the sailors lived, and beneath the steep face of the ridge-like crag which split the island in two parts, stood a low chapel, built of loose stones nicely fitted together and roofed with tiles. A rough iron cross was fastened over the doorless entrance, and at the other end was a rough stone balustrade, with a rude painting of the Virgin over the altar, on which stood four or five tall brass candlesticks and a lighted taper.

Within the chapel kneeled a dozen or more of the *Centipede's* crew, the coarse and sodden faces and uncombed locks, from their night's debauch, in striking contrast to the place and the apparent devoutness of manner in which they crossed themselves while the rites of the Church were going on. Before the altar stood Padre Ricardo, with his breviary on the chancel beneath the taper, bending his knee and chanting forth from his deep lungs the services of the mass. In a few minutes the unholy hands and lips which performed the solemn ceremony ceased word and gesture; and with a sonorous benediction at the elevation of the Host, and a tinkle of a bell, the sailors arose from their knees and again staggered back to the sheds, to slumber through the day. When all had gone the Padre clasped his missal, tucked it into his bosom, and making the sign of the cross with a genuflexion before the Virgin, the sacrilegious wretch turned and left the chapel.

Pursuing the winding path which led to his own habitation for a certain distance, he then turned to the left, and carefully picking his way through the sharp cactus and Spanish bayonets along the face of the crag, he stopped at a yawning fissure which gaped open in the rock. Here, too, the same wiry vegetation had crept; and it was with great difficulty, and many an "Ave!" and "Santa Maria!" that the Padre succeeded in passing into the dark, ragged mouth of the cavern.

"By the ashes of San Lorenzo!" he muttered, "there are serpents and venomous insects in this pit of Purgatory. Oh, misericordia! what has pierced my leg? Why should my son drag me through this hole? Ah, blessed Saint Barnabas! a slimy reptile has crossed my instep!"

Feeling with his outspread paws in his fright, as he gradually made his way into the dripping chasm, getting narrower and lower as he proceeded, he at last, after stumbling prayerfully along for about a hundred and fifty yards, came to a loose pile of stones. Here opened another low, narrow fissure on the left; and, in some doubt, he was about to enter, but the noise he made by stepping on a stone was answered by the hissing warning of a serpent, and the scared Padre fell back at his full length in a pool of stagnant, slimy water.

"*O Madre di Dios!* I am stung by a cobra! Holy Virgin! my new cossack ruined too! Ave Maria! light me out of this abode of the devil!"

Slowly recovering, however, from his fright, he once more regained his feet, and, after a few steps, which he was obliged to accomplish by scraping his crown against the jagged rocks above, his outstretched hands touched an iron-bound door.

"*Gracias á Dios!* Thanks be to all the saints! I am here at last; but alas! curses on me! I shall be obliged to return by the same path, unless my son allows me to escape by the casa."

Cautiously searching with his fingers as he muttered these words, he touched a bolt, and, grasping it with both hands, he drew it partly out, like the knob of a bell. Then placing his ear to the door, he presently heard a rattling, creaking noise, as if a beam of timber with pulley and chain was being raised from behind the entrance. When the sound ceased the door yielded to the Padre's sturdy shoulder, and there was just room to admit his portly body. Here the passage was wider, the rock evidently chiseled away by the hands of man, and on one side was an artificial chamber, blasted out of the solid rock, with a narrow door with heavy iron bolts on the outside. At this opening the Padre paused and listened. No sound caught his ear at first; but as he clutched the bolt and it grated back in its bands, he was saluted by such a volley of frightful curses as to make him start back and cross his ample breast. It was the voice of Master Gibbs, lying there on a low iron settle in the noisome dungeon, with not a ray of light to cheer him, and only a jug of water and some weevily biscuit to save him from starvation. All through the day and during the long, long hours of the awful night, in pain and suffering from his lopped-off limb, had he lain on his hard bed with clenched hands, blaspheming and impotently raging in his agony and despair. No prayer, however, dawned in his ruthless heart or was breathed from his brutal lips; but curses upon curses came thick and fast, till his tongue refused to give them utterance, and he fell back in utter exhaustion. As the noise, however, of the bolt struck his ear, he clutched the stone water-jug from the floor, and hurled it, with a yell of execrations, toward the door, where the fragments fell with a clattering crash on the stone pavement.

Grinding his teeth in his frightful passion, he howled: "Let me but once put these hands on your blood-stained carcass, and if the mother that bore ye will know her spawn again my name's not Bill Gibbs! Ha! you miserable swab, with your soft words and white hands! when I get out of this hole I'll blow you and your infarnal hounds to ——! Give me fair play, and, even on one of my legs, I'll cut the cowardly heart out of you, Captain Brand! Come in, will ye, ye son of the devil? and I'll bite the tongue out of your mouth by the roots!"

Here the hoarse and panting wretch again ceased his roarings, and the Padre timidly opened the door.

"Ha! who's that?—Babette?"

"No, my son; it is your good Padre Ricardo, come to console you."

What the maimed villain replied to the Priest, and what means the holy Father took to allay the passion and assuage the sorrows of the man lying helpless in the dungeon, or whether successful in his mission, is not important to state in detail. An hour later, however, the Priest seemed relieved in body and spirit as he retired from the loathsome hole, and shooting the bolt as he closed the door, cautiously felt his way along the dark and narrow passage. Presently, as he turned an angle, a ray of light from the loopholes of the great store vault beneath the Pirate's dwelling lighted his pathway; and a moment after, with a hearty sigh of satisfaction, he seized a cord above his head and gave it a jerk. A bell sounded above, and then a large square hinged trap-hatch fell down, and swung gently to and fro from the beams above. At the same time the Padre put his arms about a square wooden stanchion which supported the floor of the saloon, and then painfully sticking his toes in some deep-cut notches at the sides, he slowly began to mount upward. When, however, his oily shaved crown appeared nearly at the level of the floor a vigorous grasp was laid on his shoulders, and he was pulled up like a flapping lobster and rolled into the apartment. It was Captain Brand who kindly assisted the holy Father, and it was the Captain's hollow laugh which saluted him in his torn and soiled raiment, as, with difficulty, he regained his perpendicular.

"Laugh not, *hijo mio*, at my sorrowful plight," said the bruised Ricardo, with some asperity; "I have met with dangers of venomous serpents, and been stabbed cruelly by those villainous cactus."

"But I raised the beam, my Padre, the moment you made the signal."

"You did, my son; but what I suffered in the cavern was as nothing to what I endured when I entered the dungeon of the English Gibbs. *Jesus Maria*, what an infidel he is!"

"You did not find his spirit subdued, then, by bread and water?"

"Far from it, my friend. He rages like a wild beast. He consigns your body and soul to everlasting torments! But what is more impious still," went on the Padre, as he crossed himself, "he swore at your holy Father, and hoped I would roast in hell!"

"But he confessed, Ricardo, and you gave him absolution?"

"If calling me thief and assassin, and hurling his stone water-jug at my head be confession and forgiveness of sins, the ceremony has been performed. Ah! my son, he needs no more mercy in this world!"

"Of course not, my Padre; and we will give him a short shrift and a long rope. Babette," continued Captain Brand. "Ah, my Baba! you have not forgotten to feed our jolly Gibbs there below? No? I thought not. Well, then, it is Sunday, you know; give him a pure pint of rum for his morning's draught. And Baba, my beauty! slip a pair of steel ruffles over his wrists, and then pass a cloth over those bloodshot eyes of his, and lug him here beneath this hatch. Be quick, my Baba, as I wish my breakfast presently!"

All this was said in a cool, and rather an affectionate tone, as Captain Brand sipped a spoonful or two of chocolate from a cup of Dresden china. Then turning to the Padre, he said,

"You would perhaps like a cordial, my Father, to take the chill off your stomach? Yes? You will find some capital curaçoa in that stand of bottles there."

The Padre, forgetful of the dignity of his calling, shuffled with indecent haste to the spot indicated, and without going through the form of filling one of the diminutive thimble-shaped glasses in the stand, he boldly raised the flask to his lips and sucked away until it was nearly empty. Then seating himself on the settee he lugged out his illuminated missal and pored over its contents. Captain Brand occupied himself with opening the loop of the silk rope which fell from the ceiling and securing the end firmly on the stout cleat at the wall.

So passed the time until a noise beneath the room of a voice in anger, and a body bumped and dragged along, once more attracted the attention of those in the saloon.

"Oh ho! Is that you, Master Gibbs?" exclaimed Captain Brand, in a cheerful voice. "You have risen early; but stop that profane language, my friend, or you will never see daylight again!"

The maimed ruffian only muttered, "Your friend, eh? blindfolded and manacled!" And then, apparently abashed by the cool, commanding tone of his superior, he held his peace.

"Well, you are quiet, my lad. Now we'll see if we can't hoist you up here in the saloon."

"Thank ye, Sir!" said Gibbs, aloud; and then he muttered to himself, "Let me jest get one grip of ye and I'll show ye how quiet I'll be!"

"Do you think we shall need assistance, my son?" whispered the Padre into the ear of his patron.

"Diavolo! no! I never wanted help in these little affairs, except in the case of that violent Yankee whaler, who gave us much trouble, you know, and we were obliged to call Pedillo," replied the Captain, in the same low tone. Then, raising his voice, he said,

"Hark ye, Master Gibbs! Babette will lift you off the stones, and the Padre and I will rouse you up to the room here. You don't weigh so much as you did since you had your leg hacked off with a hand-saw—ho! and I dare say you are as light now as a dried cod-fish! Up with him, Baba! There—steady! all right —here you are!"

THE END OF ENGLISH GIBBS.

SHRIVING A SINNER.

Saying this, Captain Brand, with the assistance of the stout negress and the Padre, raised the once burly ruffian, with a vigorous hoist that made him groan, to the floor of the saloon, where they laid him out at full length on his back.

"Wait a moment, my hearty, till the hatch is raised, and then we will raise you. Unpleasant position, no doubt," continued Captain Brand, as the trap came up and was secured by a spring; "but then, you know, you *would* have that pin of yours cut off, and somehow you have been so careless as to dispose of the nice leg you had the other day, made out of the spruce fore topmast of the *Centipede*—a very tough bit of a spar it was."

Here Master Gibbs grated his teeth and grinned hideously.

The Captain smiled like a demon, and approaching the prostrate cripple, said, cheerfully—ay, in a frank and hearty tone—

"Now, my Padre, place a comfortable chair for Master Gibbs, and we will help him to a seat."

The considerate Ricardo stood a large, roomy Manilla chair on the fatal trap, and then aided his chief in lifting their victim to the position assigned him. As they performed this operation the Captain, with the gentleness of a tiger before he strikes his prey, and with a wink to the Padre, lightly passed the noose of the silk rope over the ruffian's hairy throat, where it lay like a snake with its slack coil squirming at the back of the chair.

"Now, Master Gibbs, I am about to remove this bandage from your beautiful eyes," said Captain Brand, in his cold, chilling, deliberate manner, "and if you so much as move when daylight shines before you, I'll blow your brains out."

Here the Pirate leisurely cocked a pistol close to his subordinate's ear, removed the bandage, and laid the weapon on the table within reach.

"No noise either, Master Gibbs!" continued Captain Brand, as he stirred up the remains of his chocolate and gulped it down; "for it is Sunday morning, and we must respect the feelings of our Padre. You were unkind to him, he tells me, just now, and even said some disrespectful things of me. What have *I* done to vex you?"

The manacled wretch tried to raise his horny hands to his face when the cloth was removed from his eyes, and rub those organs, while he glared suspiciously around; but the Captain pointed with his white finger in a threatening way to the cocked pistol, and Master Gibbs let his hands fall again.

"Well, Captain Brand, I s'pose now you're going to treat me as a faithful man who has sarved under you ought to be treated, and I'm willin' to forgive what has passed."

There was no look of forgiveness, however, in those brutal blood-shot eyes, nor much signs of repentance in those grinding teeth and compressed lips.

"Why, no, my Gibbs, *I* am *not* going to treat you as a faithful man, but I tell you what I will do"—here the Captain moved his chair nearer till his straw slipper touched the spring of the trap—"I will drink a glass of grog with you in forgetfulness of the past and forgiveness for the future."

"Thank ye, Captain Brand; I do feel dry. That stuff Babette gave me a while ago didn't touch the right spot, and I'll be glad to jine you."

"Ah, bueno, my old friend! you *shall* drink something that *will* touch the right spot! What shall it be? you have only to name it."

"I'll take a toss of that old brandy you gave me the other day, if it's the same to you, Sir!"

"Oh, Master Gibbs, it's all the same to me! Delighted I am to oblige you! Padre mio! a glass of old cogniac for our friend—a tumblerful: a wine-glass will do for me."

The Padre poured out the brandy as he was desired, handed the lesser glass to the Captain, and the tumbler he placed in the locked hands of the victim. Slowly and painfully the subdued ruffian raised the glass to his mouth, careful not to spill a drop; then before draining it, he cleared his throat, while at the same time the Captain rose to his feet, his right foot resting a little on the heel, and held the wine-glass before him.

"Now then, Master Gibbs, for a toss that will touch the right spot."

"Ay, ay, Captain!" said Gibbs; "and here's forgiveness for the future."

Scarcely had the words been uttered, and the liquor begun to gurgle down the hairy throat of the manacled wretch, than the Pirate before him pressed his foot with a quick nervous action on the spring.

Like a flash the trap fell, carrying chair and man with it. The hinges of the hatch creaked, the wicker-work chair fell with a bound on the stone floor below, the heavy beam overhead gave a jarring quiver as the strong silk rope brought up with a shuddering surge on the cleat where it was belayed at the wall; and with a gasping, choking cry of pain mingled with the ring of the shattered tumbler on the pavement, the ruffian of a hundred crimes fell full five feet and hung struggling in the death agony. With almost superhuman force he raised his clenched hands and struck his forehead till the manacles were twisted like wire by the effort, spinning around too by the lopsided weight of his body, while the beam above yielded slightly to the strain, and the deadly cord, no longer squirming but taut as a bar of iron, held the wretch in its knotted embrace, clasped tight around the neck. In a minute or two the hands ceased beating the inflamed face and head, and fell with a clank before the body; the leg gave a few convulsive twitches, a last and violent spasm shook the frame, and there Master Gibbs hung, a warm dead lump of clay.

While this murderous business was going on, and the poor crippled wretch was struggling in the jaws of death, the Padre was chanting with his profane tongue from his open Breviary the *Salve Domine*, and his patron coolly took down a telescope and swept it over the blue water to seaward. When, however, after a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the body of their victim gave no more signs of life, the Captain laid down the telescope as the Padre closed his missal, and remarked quietly, while glancing critically at the suspended body,

"He did not go off so easy as I had anticipated; his bull neck is not broken, though the knot was perfectly well placed. However, he is stone dead, and we will lower him down. You, my Padre, will bury him!"

Saying this, Captain Brand rounded up the chair, detached the silk rope, hung the loop in its accustomed place, and then waited the reappearance of his confederate. Not many minutes elapsed before the Padre, having performed the last rites, again ascended the stanchion and was assisted above the floor by his chief. Then both together got hold of a ring-bolt in the trap, drew it up and secured the spring, placing square bits of mahogany over the countersunk apertures so as to prevent accidental falls or hangings of themselves.

LAMBDA HERCULIS.*

It was evening: two figures stood motionless upon a cliff beetling high and rugged over a silent ocean. Around them the hills were clad in snows which the pale glare of the sunlight had no power to dissolve. The air was of a benumbing coldness, and often would a sharp blast come sweeping over the land, and scatter the fine snow-flakes like sands of the desert, as it went howling and shrieking down the valleys and over the waste.

From the summit of the cliff a vast wilderness was seen, stretching away in every direction except seaward. No vegetation broke the blank whiteness of the view; only in a few rare spots were clusters of blasted firs, bleached almost to the color of the snow, which tossed their rattling arms and shook with hoarse laughter in the hurrying gale. The earth was hoary with age.

The sun, although two hours had barely passed since noon, was already low down in the west; a few moments more and he would pass below the horizon. The two watched his descent with troubled and mournful looks. "Briefer and briefer grow the days, O Orlan!" said the one; "and briefer as they shorten grows our pilgrimage. Oh that we had perished when the great cities were shaken asunder by the earthquake! Then had we been spared the doom of calculating, moment by moment, the hour of an inevitable destruction."

"Peace!" answered he who was called Orlan; "murmur not rashly that the Maker of earth has yet preserved us, the last of its inhabitants. It is a solemn, it is a glorious lot to have outlived all other children of Adam, and now to stand face to face with the purity of the nature of God. Godlike we are; nor less than godlike our destiny—to return to the elements amidst the chaos of a ruined world. Alas! frail is the body of man; his spirit can not wrestle with the infinite: it is too much that he should bear to look upon the terrible vengeance of the Almighty. But lo! the sun sinks beneath the sea; the sun that has shone for so many ages upon our fathers, ere his next rising shall we, perchance, have passed beyond his light forever?"

As he ceased to speak the dimmed orb set, and his cold beams struggled and wavered and vanished from the still, gray waters. At the moment a hurricane swept the earth; borne upon the pinions of the gale, the Spirit of the Storm brushed with his skirts the heaths, and stirred the feathery snow into dense, impenetrable clouds, which filled the air and gathered volume as they hurtled over the land. Darkness prevailed: and through that darkness the awe-struck mortals seemed to hear the wild shrieks and laughter of demons, urging on the globe through space with speed inconceivable. Trembling, they fell upon their knees, and, with faces bowed to earth, awaited the issue.

Soon the fury of the blast was spent; the winds lulled, the snows subsided. Orlan and his companion arose and were about to render thanks for their safety when, terror of terrors! from the very spot where lingered the traces of the sun so lately set arose *another sun*, in size immeasurably greater than the former, and in lustre unlike aught ever seen by man before. The orb, not dazzling like the sun of earth, but soft and beautiful as a summer moon yet brilliant as an archangel's halo, soared majestically upward. And as it soared its path across the heavens was oblique. "Great God! what portent can it be? Knowest thou, O Orlan?" "Lo, it was foretold," gloomily answered the other; "wise men have said it long ago: but the children of the world believed them not. Know thou, then, this is that star toward which we are ever tending, ay, and have been since the orbits of the universe were drawn by the finger of God. Into this star, *then* so small and distant, *now* so near and appalling, shall suns and worlds, the myriad nebulæ of heaven, and all created things, sooner or later be absorbed. Who can withstand the great Will of the Omnipotent?" And the other answered him not, because of the sinking of his soul: so the two were mute.

And the earth journeyed on ever through space. Hour succeeded to hour, and year to year; and yet time was not. There was no day, for there was no night; only the soft phosphoric brightness of the star in which the globe was ever bathed. And the two lived together on the earth, and their dwelling was amidst the snows. And fishes, and the wild sea-birds which came to them from beyond the great ocean, served them as food. Patiently they awaited the disposal of the supreme Will; until the companion of Orlan sickened and laid him down in the wilderness and perished; for his spirit was overburdened with awe. And Orlan made him a grave in the everlasting snow and covered him from sight; and Orlan remained alone upon all the face of the wide earth. Very lonely was Orlan then, and he prayed that the end might be soon. Yet while he prayed he awaited patiently the appointed season.

And evermore the earth journeyed through space, and drew nearer and nearer to the brighter sun; for her own sun had long been lost. At last there came a time when the great sun ceased to traverse the sky in his wonted course; no longer he rose and set, but motionless stood above the verge of the horizon; while, as the earth passed on, from the beings of the air around came low sobs and wailing, like the murmurings of the Æolian harp.

And the angels breathed upon the face of the earth, and slowly, silently, the snows dissolved. First from the complaining branchlets of the trees, then from the sharp gray cliffs of ocean, then from the sloping uplands, then from the valleys beneath faded the ermine mantle, and with it the biting coldness of the long, long winter yielded to the mildness of spring. After a weary time there came, indeed, the warmth of spring, but without spring's flowers, without spring's budding leaves. Under those frosty coverings, year after year, the recreative power of the earth had slept, never to reawaken. Orlan arose and gazed upon the new landscape; and before him, and far, far away on either hand, all was barren; barren as the untraveled ocean that dashed its black waves gloomily behind. From the ground he turned his gaze upon the sky. No longer *above* the verge of the horizon stood the strange orb now; its lower limb dipped deep beneath the blue earth-line, its crest soared proudly, menacingly upward, as though it would scale the very zenith. There were markings upon its bright disc, and dusky shapes of unimagined beings wavered to and fro and held mysterious converse in its awful depths.

And again the angels breathed upon the earth, and spring heightened into the heat of summer. And of this heat there was increase, but no abatement. Over the dark, brown fields, over the barren rocks, over the tireless waters, brooded the spirit of heat. And his power—as it was foreordained of old—overcame all nature. For the moving clouds sailed the blue sky no longer; and the sea-birds came rarely and wearily from across the water, and then ceased; even the untiring ocean yielded and grew still, and its billows warred no more against the cliffs. In despair Orlan also laid himself down upon the parching earth to perish. He prayed no longer, hoped no longer. But from out the throng of murmuring spirits a sweet voice cried, "Mortal! thou art immortal; fear not: before all despair not. Endure unto the end; lo, the end is not distant; lo, even now the hour has come!" A blast as from a furnace swept the land; from its bosom rose a lurid haze darting far and wide into the air; the earth glowed like white-hot iron, the sea like molten brass; one instant the huge star glared before them a cataract of flame; the next, it had ingulfed them all; land, ocean, sky, one reeking fiery globe, melted into atoms in its fierce embrace.

And angels and demons cried aloud in wild weird chorus as the Star of Destruction sped away—away, and vanished into space.

* The sketch is founded on the well-known fact that our sun, with its planets and their satellites, is traveling at the rate of 150,000,000 miles a year toward the star known to astronomers as λ Herculis.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 28, in the Senate, Senator Dixon offered a resolution that the Sergeant-at-Arms be directed to remove Thaddeus Hyatt from jail, and permit him to pass without restraint within the city of Washington. Objection being taken, it was laid over under the rule. The Post-office Deficiency Bill was then taken up and discussed, Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, earnestly opposing a reduction of postage. Speeches were made by Senators Grimes and others. Without taking the question the Senate adjourned.——In the House a long and earnest debate occurred on the Pacific Railroad Bill, during which Mr. Phelps's amendment to strike out the route through Salt Lake was rejected. Mr. Stevens, delegate from Washington Territory, advocated the formation of three roads, Northern, Central, and Southern. No action was had thereon. An amendment, offered by Mr. Reagan, to the effect that the grantees, within three months of the passage of the act, shall determine the amount of capital necessary to complete the road, was agreed to.

On Tuesday, May 29, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill, as amended by the House, was taken up and the amendments were not concurred with. The Pacific Telegraph Bill and the Post-office Deficiency Bill were successively and briefly considered, when Senators Slidell, Benjamin, and Toombs made explanations on the subject. Without action, the Senate adjourned.——The Pacific Railroad Bill engaged the attention of the House. Various objections having been made, the Bill, by a vote of 100 to 87, was recommitted. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Washburne delivered a speech embodying an account of the life, public services, and private character of Abram Lincoln, the Illinois candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency.

On Wednesday, May 30, in the Senate, Senator Slidell reported back the bill for the acquisition of Cuba, and gave notice that he should call it up at the next session. Senator Latham offered an amendment to the Overland Mail bill. The House bill for admitting Kansas being taken up, Senator Collamer, of Vermont, spoke at length in favor of the admission of that Territory. On motion of Senator Lane, the bill was postponed till Monday. The Oregon war debt was taken up, and an amendment by Senator Hunter, authorizing a loan to pay the amount, was lost.——In the House, Mr. Haskin, of New York, called up the special order, providing that hereafter no person shall be elected Printer, either to the Senate or the House, who is not a practical printer of skill and ability; that he shall give bonds as security for $25,000; and that the present prices shall be reduced 40 per cent. Considerable debate ensued. The minority report, signed by Messrs. Hindman and Clopton, was read, declaring that the office of Printer to the House was vacant. Mr. Clopton, of Alabama, was opposed to a public printing-office. He defended the President. No question was taken on the subject when the House adjourned.

On Thursday, May 31, in the Senate, Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, from the Printing Investigation Committee, made a majority report, stating that the payments made were without the knowledge of the Government. A minority report was presented by Senator King, of New York, condemning in the strongest terms the practices and operations of public printing. The subject was postponed till to-day. The Senate, in executive session, then rejected the Mexican Treaty.——The House Committee on the Judiciary, to whom the Senate bill relative to the recaptured Africans was referred, reported the bill back, but obtained no action. The Printing bill was taken up and discussed at much length. Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, denounced the President for criminal connivance. Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, replied. The bill, which establishes a Department of Public Printing, at reduced rates, was finally passed—120 to 56. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, made a speech upon Slavery; after which the Post-office Appropriation bill was taken up and briefly discussed without action.

On Friday, June 1, in the Senate, a resolution instructing the Naval Committee to inquire into the disposition made of the land purchased for a Naval Dépôt at Brunswick, Georgia, was adopted. The bill amending the act relative to private land claims in California was taken up and passed. The Post-office Deficiency Bill being under discussion, Senator Collamer moved an amendment, leaving the Postmaster-General discretion to judge of the propriety of restoring suspended routes; rejected. The amendment of the Finance Committee striking out the clause which restores suspended routes was agreed to, and the bill was passed. After an Executive session the Senate adjourned. ——In the House, the bill adjudging penalties to Marshals and their deputies for permitting prisoners to escape was passed. Mr. Winslow, from the Covode Investigating Committee, upon a question of privilege, made a statement in regard to certain witnesses, which the majority of the Committee refused to have called. He was answered by Mr. Covode. Mr. Train, of Massachusetts, rising to speak on the subject, was interrupted by Mr. Houston, of Alabama, who persisted in speaking, notwithstanding a universal call to order; whereupon Mr. Train remarked that he should "consider himself guilty of gross impropriety, both as a member and as a gentleman, were he to continue speaking when he had no right to the floor." Mr. Houston inquired whether the remark was intended to apply to him. Mr. Train replied that it did; and then Mr. Houston pronounced him a "disgraceful liar and scoundrel." A scene of great violence ensued, in the midst of which Mr. Sherman demanded that Mr. Houston should be censured for this language. After a sharp contest, in which the Republicans sustained the demand of Mr. Sherman, Mr. Houston made an apology, and the scene and session ended.

DEATH OF JUDGE DANIEL.

Hon. Judge Daniel, of the United States Supreme Court, died on 30th ult. at Richmond, Virginia, after a long illness.

Judge Peter V. Daniel was born in Stafford County, Virginia, in 1785. His ancestors had long resided in that State, and were noted, at the time of the Revolution, for the zeal with which they advocated resistance to the British Government. After receiving the rudiments of his education from a private tutor, he entered Princeton College, where he graduated in 1805. He chose the law as a profession, and studied at Richmond under Edmund Randolph, to whose daughter he was subsequently married. In 1808 he was admitted to the bar, and in the following year was elected a delegate to the Virginia Legislature from Stafford County. He was re-elected to that office in 1810. Two years afterward he was elected a member of the Privy Council, and was successively re-elected until the adoption of the new Constitution in 1830. During a considerable portion of this time he was Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and President of the Council *ex officio*. On the adoption of the amended Constitution in 1830, when the number of members of the Council had been reduced from eight to three, he was again elected; but in 1835, when the Whigs obtained a majority in the Legislature, he was dismissed from office, together with his Democratic *confrères*. But the Whigs retained their ascendency only for a short period, and the next session, when the Democrats were victorious, he was restored. Chief-Justice Taney having been transferred, in 1834, from the office of Attorney-General to the Treasury Department, Judge Daniel was pressed by President Jackson to accept the vacant post, but he declined. In 1836 Philip P. Barbour was transferred from the bench of the United States District Court to the Supreme bench, and President Jackson appointed Judge Daniel to the vacancy. Judge Barbour dying in 1840, President Van Buren made Judge Daniel his successor. He has held the office from that period to the present time. He was strongly Democratic in politics, and fully approved of the Dred Scott decision of his friend Chief-Justice Taney.

A NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

A new Arctic Expedition sailed from New London, Connecticut, on Tuesday, 29th ult., on board of the bark *George Henry*. The expedition is not very numerous, for it consists only of Mr. B. F. Hall, of Cincinnati, and his Esquimaux guide, Cud-la-ja-ah. Mr. Hall, who lately resided in Cincinnati, designs to leave the vessel in which he sailed at Sussex Island, taking with him a large boat, which has been constructed expressly for him, and with which he designs to make explorations in the region lying between Cape Willoughby and the entrance to Fury and Hecla Strait. A crew of five Esquimaux, which he will select at Sussex Island, will assist him in his researches. Mr. Hall hopes to obtain further traces of the party which went with Sir John Franklin. Mr. Cornelius Grinnell, of this City, Mayor Harris, of New London, and some of the prominent citizens of that place, went down the harbor with Mr. Hall, and returned on the tug which towed the vessel to sea.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The proceedings of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference last week, at Buffalo, were interesting. On Thursday, 31st, Bishop Baker presided. The Slavery report having been taken up, Mr. Slicer, of Baltimore, and Dr. Holdich spoke against the majority report. Mr. Sewall, of Baltimore, made a most impressive speech. He was followed by Messrs. Coombe and Hill in favor of the report. A resolution was adopted that the vote should be had on the third resolution in the majority report after certain other members had spoken, without further debate. After recess at noon, Messrs. Hunter and Kingsley addressed the Conference for the minority. Mr. Durbin's substitute was taken from the table and rejected. An amendment directing the Bishops to submit the new Chapter proposed to the Annual Conferences and the Presiding Elders, to the Quarterly Conferences, was lost. The new Chapter was at length adopted by a vote of 154 to 57.

SENTENCE ON THE PIRATE HICKS.

The case of Albert W. Hicks, charged with the crime of robbery on board of the sloop *E. A. Johnson*, was finally disposed of on 1st inst. in the United States Circuit Court. Judge Smalley sentenced the prisoner to be hung on the 13th of July next upon Ellis's or Bedlow's Island, whichever may be selected by the United States Marshal for that purpose. Hicks received his sentence with that stolidity which has characterized his conduct throughout the trial. Later in the day Hicks had an interview with Mr. Sayles, one of his counsel, in the Tombs, when he became quite communicative touching his former life, and, in some impromptu verses, hinted at a bloody crime in which he was previously engaged.

A JAPANESE OPINION OF THE PRESIDENT'S DINNER.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

"Namura Gohatsero, whom I have in former letters associated with a pair of bright eyes and a blue poncho-jacket, together with his five brethren, left the hotel at nine o'clock in the morning, to see how Washington looked when shut up by day, and as they strolled along they came to a spot where they halted. Namura uttered words equivalent to 'Here lives our friend;' and his mere presence attracting a group of spectators, including the waiters of the house, he asked one of them, 'Is Mister —— at home?' He was answered in the affirmative, and almost as quickly I was at his side. He did not greet me with 'Hi-o,' which is the Japanese for 'Good-morning,' but said in English, 'Good-morning—how do you do?' Following his example, I also replied in the same language, and the words, 'Quite well, thank you—how are you?' 'Very well,' answered Namura, which being quite satisfactory so far as he was concerned, I addressed myself to his companions, and exchanged with them also

a shake of the hands, after which I invited them to walk up stairs, and led the way accordingly.

"I at first took them into the drawing-room: but the rush of ladies and others that followed almost alarmed my visitors, and Namura asked, 'Do all these people live in this house?' He evidently deemed them very intrusive.

"'Well, Namura,' I said, after he and his party had taken seats on the sofa and various chairs, 'how did you like the President's dinner on Friday?'

"'Very well,' said he, 'but not standing. I had to stand for two hours.'

"'What did the embassadors eat: turtle soup?'

"'Yes, soup.'

"'Fish?' I continued, suggestively.

"'Yes; fish about that size,' and he described the length and breadth with his hands.

"'Chicken salad?'

"'Oh yes; chicken salad—very good.'

"'Roast chickens and pigeon?'

"'Yes; roast chickens and pigeon—both very good.'

"'Ale?'

"'Oh yes, very good ale, Champagne, and sherry.'

"'Strawberries?' I queried. When these were first offered to them a fortnight ago, they tasted, but neglected them, saying that the fruit was too sour.

"'Oh yes, strawberries very good, and ice-creams.'

"'Mustard, of course?'

"'Yes, much mustard.'

"'And cheese?'

"'Yes, cheese very good, and butter very good too.'

"'What would you like to drink now?' I asked.

"'Some ale,' answered Namura, and ale was accordingly produced and drank in the drawing-room, notwithstanding the unorthodox nature of the proceeding in such a place."

MARRIAGE OF MADAME BODISCO.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

"I have just returned from a spectacle of great interest, which has stirred the memories and associations of us old *habitués* of Washington more than any thing else that has occurred here for a long time. To-day at noon, in St. John's church, Lafayette Square, the Countess Bodisco, widow of the late distinguished and popular Minister from Russia, was married to Captain Douglas Gordon Scott, of Scotland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Norwood, of Georgetown, to whose congregation the bride and her family belonged. The bride was given away by President Buchanan. There was a quiet simplicity about the whole scene which imparted the character rather of a religious than a festive occasion.

"As the appointed hour approached, most of the members of the diplomatic corps and their families arrived in simple morning costume, and mingled with the throng, without regard to place or precedence. A party from the executive mansion, including Miss Macalister, of Philadelphia, Miss Buchanan, and Mr. James Buchanan, Jun., next came; and soon after, the appearance of Miss Lane at the door indicated that she who was to be 'the observed of all observers,' must be near at hand. Immediately the President entered with the Countess Bodisco leaning on his arm, while the whole congregation arose. They passed down the aisle to their places on the left of the chancel, where they were met by Captain Scott, who shook hands cordially with the President, and the ceremony was begun at once by the officiating clergyman. There were neither bridemaids nor groomsmen, and the whole affair had an air of unusual simplicity."

HER FIRST MARRIAGE

He adds: "I remember the Countess when she was a school-girl in Georgetown—the sweet and lovely Harriet Williams, the favorite Queen of every May-day. Her father, a worthy merchant of that ancient and respectable burgh, gave her every advantage of education; but she was as simple, artless, and unaffected as the daughter of an humble citizen could be. Her personal loveliness was something rich and rare, when the sixteenth summer shone on her bright eyes. Her form was a model for a sculptor, so delicate and roundly shaped—a dream of beauty seldom realized on earth. The Count Bodisco first saw her among her school companions and was at once conquered. He was old, but in excellent preservation, and when made up—as he always was whenever he appeared before, not only company, but his most intimate friends—he made a good figure in the most agreeable society, and was highly acceptable, not only in the saloons of the fashionable, but in all well-bred circles. His good-nature and intelligence commended him also to eminent men of all political parties. One of his earliest and kindest friends was Henry Clay, for whose talents and geniality he had an unbounded admiration. Indeed, he loved that great statesman and orator to a degree rather uncommon among men. But there was really a strong tincture of romantic sensibility about the excellent old Count. He was fond of simple pleasures and pure and innocent enjoyments. The attachment of children to him was extraordinary, and could only have been conciliated by that genuine benevolence and tenderness of heart which beamed from his countenance and gushed out in his cordial voice. He wooed and won the affections of the most beautiful girl that had ever been seen in metropolitan circles. His old diplomatic colleagues laughed—some good-natured ladies sneered—the *beau monde* wondered; but he had his own taste, and he made the sweet, young, blooming Harriet Williams his wife."

ANOTHER DUEL.

The Savannah *Republican* of Friday says: "We learn that a duel was fought yesterday, at Screven's Ferry, between Commodore E. W. Moore, formerly of the Texan Navy, and Mr. Charles A. L. Lamar, of this city. Commodore Moore is a witness on the part of the Government in the trial of J. Egbert Farnham, for piracy, and it is understood that the difficulty arose from some strictures of Mr. Lamar on his testimony, given in a few days ago. The challenge was peremptory, and the parties met on the ground, with their respective friends, at eight o'clock in the forenoon. Shots were exchanged with pistols without effect, when John Owens, Esq., second of Mr. Lamar, approached Hamilton Couper, Esq., the second of Commodore Moore, and stated that, in behalf of his friend, he felt it his duty now to say that the offense was given under excitement and misapprehension, and that Mr. Lamar regretted and withdrew the language that had given rise to the meeting. The retraction was accepted as satisfactory; whereupon the parties exchanged friendly salutations, and returned to the city."

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

Henrietta Fuller, daughter of Willis Fuller, of South Belchertown, Massachusetts, employed as a weaver in the factory, aged about eighteen years, went to a water-cask to obtain water for washing. This cask was very near an upright shaft and coupling-box, which was revolving at the rate of over one hundred revolutions per minute, and with which the dress of the unfortunate girl became entangled. With every revolution her head struck upon the strong iron frame-work which supported the regulator, crushing her forehead, and forcing her eyes from their sockets, while her body and limbs were shockingly mangled and broken. The cask and the ceiling were covered with the marks of the catastrophe, and the body was so firmly bound to the shaft that her steel skirts were cut with chisels before she could be liberated.

PERSONAL.

The Auburn *Advertiser* says a Committee of leading citizens of that place called on Mr. Seward, on Saturday morning last, and requested him to consent to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July. Mr. Seward received the request very kindly, but said that he must decline the invitation for the present year. He added, however, that, if living on the Fourth of July, 1861, he would then cheerfully consent to deliver an address to his fellow-townsmen, as forty years previous to that date he had commenced his public life, and that occasion would be its conclusion.

Among the visitors to our city, arrived this morning from Mobile, says the New Orleans *Picayune* of the 25th inst., is M. Blondeel von Cuelebroeck, Minister from the King of Belgium to the United States, whose particular mission is to promote a direct trade between the cotton ports of the South and the Belgian ports. We learn that his plans have been entered into very heartily by the people of Mobile, and that a line is about to be established between Mobile and Brussels. M. Blondeel is an experienced diplomatist, in the service of the sagacious Leopold. He has been a great traveler in his time.

Mr. Everett has at last definitely accepted the honor of the Baltimore nomination, and will run as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the National Union party.

Blondin's ropes are stretched across the gorge at Niagara, between the Suspension Bridge and the Monteagle House. The inclosures are also finished, giving accommodations for 20,000 people.

The Rev. Mr. Corbitt, late the pastor of the Greene Street M. E. Church, left for Europe in the *Adriatic* on Saturday last. A number of his friends chartered a steamboat and accompanied him down the Bay.

It appears that the unsophisticated strangers from Niphon have allowed themselves to be swindled by the very institutions of whose existence we affectionately advised them. Little Tommy, the wag of the Embassy, and the especial pet of Washington ladies, has been inveigled into a mock-auction shop, where some Peter Funk, not having the fear of the Mikado before his eyes, sold him a pinchbeck watch for $120, the intrinsic value of which might be expressed by a single numeral. It seems a little singular that of all our loose trowsered guests, this Tommy should have allowed himself to be victimized.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and her husband will leave London for Sweden in the early part of June. They will make a visit to the north of three or four months in length.

The Right Reverend the Provisional Bishop (Potter) of this diocese is about to take a trip to Europe for the benefit of his health, which has been somewhat impaired by his arduous duties during the winter. He will be absent until shortly before the assembly of the Diocesan Convention in the fall. Episcopal acts will be performed in this diocese during the summer by Bishops Chase, of New Hampshire, Whittingham, of Maryland, and De Lancey, of Western New York.

Died, on the 28th of April, at Chattahoochee, Florida, while traveling for the benefit of her health, Mrs. Eliza P. Russ, wife of Dr. John D. Russ, of New York. Mrs. R. was highly gifted, both personally and mentally, but her chief attraction was the benevolence of her nature. She will be long and extensively deplored by the poor of New York, to numbers of whom she had been a personal and constant benefactor. She took a deep interest in the public as well as private charities of the city, and was at one time an efficient manager of the Prisoner's Home. She established and maintained, for two years, a work-house for indigent females. In the winter of 1852 and 1853 she opened a house of refuge for widowed mothers and others, whom misfortune had deprived of the temporary comforts of a home. In the succeeding autumn, by means of the surplus proceeds of a concert over what was necessary for the temporary home, she established, under the directors, the female department of the New York Juvenile Asylum, to which she contributed over a thousand dollars, besides expending large sums to elevate the condition of the parents of such children as were committed to that institution. For the last six years Mrs. R. has suffered from the effects of acute rheumatism, contracted in the service of the poor, until, worn down with pain, she fell asleep, calmly resting on a Saviour's love.

Mrs. Cynthia P. Clapp, of Hartford, has brought a suit against Mr. J. L. Prosser for breach of the marriage contract. Mrs. Clapp assesses her damages at $25,000. It is said that Mr. Prosser is worth about $100,000, and able to pay the claim if a jury think it worth the money. Mr. Prosser recently married.

Mr. J. E. Chase, agent of the Pemberton Mill, publishes a statement in the Boston papers, showing that only $56 02 of the amount due to the former operatives in that establishment remains unpaid.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords, on the 14th, the Marquis of Normanby moved the production of all the correspondence with British representatives in Italy relative to Garibaldi's expedition.

The Government promised to produce the dispatches.

In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone withdrew his measure relative to newspaper postage, on the plea that Sir Rowland Hill's health was such as to require six months' leave of absence.

Mr. Cardwell stated that the attention of the Government had been called to the collection of money being made in Ireland for the use of the Pope, and to enlistment for the Papal army. Such proceedings were entirely irregular, and steps would be taken to check them.

In the House of Commons, on the 15th, Lord John Russell stated that Lord Cowley had received no information from the French Government that France would claim further territorial compensation if Sardinian territory was extended by the pending movements.

He also announced that Government had received information from St. Petersburg as to the state of affairs in Turkey similar to what appeared under the head of "Russia and Turkey;" but they had no information as to the concentration of a Russian army on the Pruth.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT AGAIN IN PARLIAMENT.

On the same day, Lord Lovaine moved for the correspondence between the Home Secretary and the South-eastern Railway Company with respect to the special train to the late fight for the championship. He severely denounced the conduct of the Company.

Lord Palmerston protested against the exaggerated observations of Lord Lovaine with respect to the parties who witnessed the fight. Such matters were certainly matters of taste. He made a humorous and characteristic apology on behalf of those who regarded prize-fighting as a manly amusement, illustrative of the best qualities of the British race.

After some debate, during which several members protested against the police being called upon to keep the peace, while the Government in that House encouraged those who violated it, the subject dropped.

SETTLEMENT OF THE DISPUTE.

Bell's Life of the 19th ult. announces that a meeting took place between Sayers and Heenan, at that office, yesterday, to discuss the means of terminating the dispute between them, and as to the possession of the champion's belt. It was ultimately agreed that two new belts—exact counterparts of the one so much coveted—should be made, the money for the purpose to be raised by public subscription. Each of the candidates is to head the list for that held by his opponent. The old belt will remain in the possession of the proprietor of *Bell's Life*, to be fought for by whoever may aspire to the honor of wearing it.

Sayers has engaged to retire from the Ring.

DEATH OF LADY BYRON.

Lady Byron is dead. She was born May 17, 1792, and was married to Lord Byron January 15, 1816. During her engagement Lord Byron, in a letter, thus describes her: "Yesterday a very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours! without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which generally led to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange—an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be in her own right—an only child and a *savante*, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, and yet withal very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretension. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions and a tenth of her advantages." She was the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, and succeeded, November, 12, 1856, to the barony of Wentworth. Her union with Byron, as might be expected of a marriage without love, was unhappy. She had one child, Ada, married to the Earl of Lovelace. Lady Byron was of a liberal disposition, and among her philanthropic gifts was $350 for the Kansas Emigration Society. Her daughter Ada, who died before her, inherited remarkable mental qualities—among others, a taste for mathematics, and was the particular friend of Mrs. Somerville, the astronomer.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

Queen Victoria, as usual, held a drawing-room to celebrate her birthday. It will be satisfactory to the ladies to know that her Majesty wore a train of white ribbed silk, trimmed with ruches of crape, white roses, and white bugles, the petticoat, with crape over white silk, trimmed to correspond; while her head-dress was composed of a diadem of opals and diamonds, white feathers, and white crape vail. The Princess Alice wore a train of rich white crystalline silk, trimmed with tulle and bows of ribbon; the petticoat of rich glacé silk, bouillonne of tulle, dotted with bows of ribbon. Her head-dress consisted of a wreath of lilies of the valley and camelias, ornamented with diamonds. The Princess Mary of Cambridge wore a white moire train, lined and bordered with pink, trimmed with Mechlin lace, bouquets of flowers, and silver cord; the petticoat of pink glacé silk, covered with puffings of crape and handsome tunic of Brussels lace; the corsage to correspond; ornaments, pearls, and diamonds. The head-dress was a diadem of diamonds, feathers, and a silver tulle vail. All these toilets being of a simple and inexpensive character, they will be peculiarly fitted for the American market, and we may hope to see them at once adopted.

FRANCE.

SYMPATHY FOR GARIBALDI.

The *Opinione Nationale* heads the subscription for Garibaldi with 500 francs, to which its editorial staff and printers add 305 francs 30 cents. A M. Rouille Besnard sends 1000 francs. M. Petit, a discharged sergeant of the Zouaves, contributes 100 francs, with the following remarkable letter:

"PARIS, *Sunday, May* 13, 1860.

"Since the Faubourg St. Germain enlists under the banner of Lamoricière, it is only just and logical that the Faubourg St. Antoine should emigrate *en masse* to join Garibaldi. Will you, then, inform me through your journal, of which I am a daily reader, whether a request to be allowed to go out to Garibaldi would be favorably received by the Emperor's Government? In other words, may I serve under Garibaldi, with the permission of the French Government, in like manner as others serve (with authorization) under Lamoricière? Your answer is awaited by upward of 10,000 men, who are ready to start with me.

"An ex-non-commissioned officer of the First Regiment of Zouaves, commanded by Lamoricière.

"PETIT, *Ex-Sergeant, Rue Moreau.*"

GARIBALDI AND THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

A Paris letter, describing the *Fête de l'Assomption*, says:

"In the course of the afternoon the carriage of the Prince Imperial was seen gradually descending from the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, down that of the Champs Elysées. The extreme fineness of the weather and the tranquil state of the atmosphere had induced tens of thousands to prolong their promenade; and now that the spectacle was enlivened by such a glittering accessory as a squadron of the Guides, with nodding plume and prancing steed, a regular commotion was caused throughout the vast assemblage. '*Le Prince Imperial!*' '*Le Prince Imperial!*' was the cry far and near, and a general rush took place toward the central sweep. The cortége, preceded by the grooms in their usual livery, advanced at a walking pace. The carriage was an open one, drawn by the customary four horses, with postillions, the cavalry escorting it, but never interposing themselves between the carriage and the spectators. The little boy, who is now growing to an intelligent age, stood up and leaned over the door of the vehicle, and seemed to watch with a look of interest that vast and well-ordered multitude, over whom he might one day be called to hold sway. The intelligence from Sicily was still fresh in the minds of the people, and suddenly, by a species of spontaneous outbreak, a cry arose and spread like wildfire throughout that dense throng, in which the names of Garibaldi and the Prince Imperial were commingled. '*Vive Garibaldi le Liberateur—Vive le Prince Imperial!*' What association or connection there was between the two personages I do not exactly see, but I give the simple fact. Shortly after, when the excitement was beginning to pass away, the Emperor and Empress, with their magnificent cortége, suddenly broke on the scene. They were seated in a very low carriage, and as it passed slowly down the avenue the imperial visages and those of the crowd were almost in juxtaposition. Again the cry of 'Garibaldi! Garibaldi!' was heard, and this time combined with *vivas* for the head of the state. The Emperor must have almost believed himself again at Milan, when the shouts of the multitude united in the same association of Garibaldi with himself."

A DRAMATIC TALE.

A suit has been commenced in the French Courts, the incidents developed in which will set the brains of the dramatists in a whirl, and give work to their pens. The story runs thus:

"Nearly thirty years ago a widow lady, of a noble and powerful Huguenot family residing in the south of France, placed her child with a gardener's wife, who was to act as its foster-mother and nurse. One day, as the young heir was sporting before the door, and the gardener's child was lying on a bed in the cottage, the nurse heard the wheels of a carriage, and immediately suspected that the mother of her young charge was coming to see her son. In her flurry she snatched up the heir, but slipping, let him fall upon a heap of stones, breaking his right arm and collar-bone. In her terror she rushed to her husband, who advised her to stow away the screaming victim under the bed-clothes, and, taking his garments, he placed them on his own child, and boldly stood at the door to wait the lady's coming. Contrary to the usual casual glance given by her on her previous visits, the lady-mother was so struck at the change in her darling, to the lean, brown, hungry-looking babe which she beheld in the place of her own plump baby, that, vexed and exasperated beyond measure, she seized the child in her arms, and bade the postillion drive away. The gardener and his wife were terribly frightened, but decided to go the next day to the chateau and make an explanation. To their further consternation they found on the next morning that the lady was gone, and had taken away the child. Years sped on, and the family did not return, while the ignorant cottagers, influenced by terror, never dared to stir in the matter, until the gardener's wife, on her death-bed, recently made a full confession. In the mean time, the cottager's child has passed his life as a member of one of the noblest families of France, has been attached to an embassy, and now holds a desirable official position; while the real heir has spent his youth in discipline and privation as a soldier in Algeria. The latter now brings suit to recover his property and title."

Berryer, probably the most famous lawyer in France, has been engaged for the defense.

WHAT BECOMES OF CIGAR ENDS.

A young girl was recently arrested in Paris for selling what was supposed to be smuggled tobacco, but she positively refused to say where she lived, and it was suspected that she was connected with a regular gang, carrying on their fraudulent practices on a large scale. It having been afterward discovered that the parents of the girl resided at Belville, a Commissary of Police went to the spot indicated, which he found to be an isolated house, communicating with a garden, and well calculated for any illicit operations. Having knocked and rung several times without having been able to obtain admission, the Commissary, in a loud voice, ordered the door to be forced. This order produced the desired effect, for the door was opened by a man. On entering the place, a strong smell of tobacco was perceived, and lying about were a quantity of wrappers with labels of different kinds, such as Maryland, Levant, Virginia, etc. In an adjoining room was a woman lying in bed, apparently very ill; and the Commissary did not disturb her, but proceeded with his search through the other parts of the premises, where all kinds of apparatus for the manufacture of spurious cigars, and also a quantity of powdered wood, chippings of burned leather, and other substances, intended to be used in making a composition sold as snuff, were found. On again entering the room where the woman lay, the Commissary, who had begun to entertain suspicion that her illness was feigned, and that she had thrown herself on the bed to conceal something under her, ordered her to get up. This she at last did, and beneath the mattress he discovered a sack filled with ends of partly burned cigars, probably picked up in the streets or cafés, and which were to be used in the manufacture of new ones. The man and his wife were arrested.

RUSSIA

ANOTHER MENSCHIKOFF MISSION TO TURKEY.

The attitude of Russia toward Turkey is attracting much attention, and regarded as decidedly menacing.

The St. Petersburgh telegraph states that the principal foreign Ministers, excepting the Turkish, were recently convoked by Prince Gortschakoff, who declared that the position of the Christians in Turkey had become so intolerable that Russia was on the point of addressing strong representations to the Porte in their favor, and hoped to obtain the support of other Powers.

The London *Times* says that Russia is meditating a second Menschikoff mission, and that England, while laboring to advance the interests of Christians, can not forget that she is pledged to advance the interests of the Ottoman State.

ITALY.

VICTORY OF THE INVADERS.

At latest dates we hear that Garibaldi's forces have driven the royal troops from place to place. The engagement at Calatafimi was simply between the Neapolitan troops and a small number of Italian volunteers from Malta, who were marching to join those landed at Marsala. The latest advices were that Garibaldi had obtained a decided victory at Monreale—a town of about 13,000 inhabitants, and four miles from Palermo—and commands the latter place. It is also reported that the insurgents were in possession of a portion of Palermo. Garibaldi's troops were daily being reinforced by volunteers from all parts of Sicily.

DEATH OF THEODORE PARKER.

The following, an extract from a private letter to Professor Newman, dated May 11, 1860, appears in the London papers:

"I have sad news to communicate. Our dear suffering friend, Theodore Parker, died yesterday evening. Yet there never was an easier end to a life but lately full of vigor. I saw him about three hours before he died, lying calmly, while life was ebbing away unconsciously to himself. He left written directions for his funeral, limiting to five persons the attending him to the grave, of whom I am one. Many Americans here are expressing their wish to appear as mourners; but it is thought right to abide by his instructions. He desired the eleven first verses of the Sermon on the Mount (the blessings of Jesus) to be read over his grave; and then a plain gray stone, with his name and age, and nothing farther of inscription. Mr. Cunningham, a Boston Unitarian minister, will read the passage. He is a sincere friend and admirer of Parker's. We hope to get a cast taken of Mr. Parker to-day. Mrs. Parker, his poor gentle wife, has hitherto borne up well. Miss Stevenson, who has so long resided with them, was also with him to the last. She thinks, from the peculiar tenderness of his manner yesterday, that he knew he was dying. He had dreams for some days, and talked dreamingly of two Theodore Parkers—one here, and one planted in Boston, who would finish his work; perhaps a true thought only mystically expressed. Among his last well-connected words were these: 'Of course you know I am not afraid to die, though I wished to live and finish much work which I longed to do. I had great powers committed to me, and I have but half used them.'

"Since writing this, I have seen him lying, oh, so peacefully! I have never seen death under a form so devoid of terror. The hectic color remains on his cheek, and it is hard to persuade one's self that he has passed away. He ceased to breathe without the least struggle."

A FAITHLESS CONSUL.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Letters from Italy, received by the steamer *Arabia*, report that Mr. Henry H. Barstow, the American Consul at Palermo, has been guilty of an act of perfidy, which will forever brand him with infamy. This misrepresentative of a land of liberty was instrumental in betraying Father Ottavio Lanza, one of the noblest of men and purest of patriots, into the hands of the agents of the vilest and most tyrannical despotism on the globe. The accounts state that, on the 11th of April, Palermo was startled with the report of the arrest of Father Lanza, by American intervention, on board a merchant vessel, bearing the 'stripes and stars,' and that the act was committed by the agency of Mr. Barstow, the American Consul! The diplomatic corps at Palermo have refused to hold any further communication with this traitor against humanity—this aider and abettor of the despotism of the second Bomba, who thus prostitutes his official position. If one quarter part of the stories reported about this Barstow are true, he should be at once dismissed from the service of a free republic, and suffer the official as well as the social disgrace awarded to renegades."

CANADA.

RAILROAD CAR FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The editor of the Hamilton Canada West *Spectator* has inspected the railroad car intended for the use of the Prince of Wales and suite on the Great Western Railway. He says: "In its size and outside appearance the car will be similar to an ordinary first-class car, except in its painting, a part of which will be the Prince of Wales's arms, and some beautiful paneling. The principal feature of the inside is the spacious *salon*, 26 feet long by 9 feet wide. The sides, ends, and partition of the room are richly ornamented with pedestal, cornice, pilaster, and entablature complete. The windows are surmounted by a silk upholstery panel and hung with drapery. Over the door at each end of the *salon* is placed the Prince of Wales's coronet and feathers, carved in wood. With this as its centre runs a fluted silk panel, in shape like an extended fan, while in place of windows two large mirrors will be suspended each side of the door-way. The furniture will be constructed of blister or bird's-eye maple; the sofas and chairs are of the style of Louis XIV. and XV. Next to the *salon*, on either side of the car, is the dressing-room and wash-room, which will be fitted up with every regard to comfort and convenience. At the other end of the car is the ante-chamber, 14 feet long. This room will be plainer than the principal *salon*, but by no means deficient in elegance and taste."

MEXICO.

PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The steamship *Pocahontas*, from Vera Cruz the 16th ult., arrived in New Orleans on the 23d. Her news is important. Uraga, with a considerable force, some 6000 or 7000 men, was advancing on the capital. Miramon had collected all his available forces, and on the 10th marched out to meet him. The next news will, in all probability, bring us tidings of a great battle between the contending parties. The forces on each side are about equal; but the Liberals are said to have a more numerous artillery. Miramon had with him, as prisoner, President Zuloaga. Zuloaga issued, a few days previously, a decree depriving Miramon of his post as President substitute, whereupon that personage had him seized and imprisoned, and on his departure from the capital forced him to accompany the army, obliging him, as some accounts state, to march in his court-dress. General La Vega has not been executed, as had been previously stated, but was a prisoner at San Luis Potosi, in the hands of the Liberals, suffering from a severe wound. Another forced loan had been decreed by Miramon two days before leaving the capital. Viscount de Gabriac, the French Minister, left the City of Mexico on the 8th, and was at Jalapa at the latest accounts, waiting for means to reach the coast. He is said to have made quite a fortune during his residence in the country. The *Trait d'Union* of Vera Cruz has been stopped for want of printers.

NAPLES AND MESSINA.

We publish herewith views of the cities of Messina and Naples, from recent pictures. They are of peculiar interest at the present time, and will be still more valuable as the war which has commenced in Southern Italy progresses.

NAPLES.

The city of Naples needs no description. In a former number of this journal we said of it:.

Fancy a city of some 450,000 inhabitants, of whom 18,000 are priests, 40,000 idlers, 4000 lawyers, and nearly 80,000 prisoners of state, locked up in some of the five hundred and thirty royal prisons! Fancy this city in a state of chronic siege, with the guns of its forts constantly pointed, not upon its enemies, but upon its people! Fancy a government consisting of a priest-ridden king, cruel, treacherous, and false; maintaining his power by the aid of Swiss and German guards, most of whom are kidnapped, contrary to law, in the southern German States and Switzerland; so miserable an administrator that no department of the government makes the least pretense to efficiency but the police, which has its spies every where, and is said to be as perfect as Fouché's; so blind to facts that he believes he is a blessing to his people, and calmly expects that God will scatter his enemies! Finally, fancy a people systematically trained in idleness, servility, and ignorance; denied the privileges of wholesome education and the use of books; forced to kneel at the feet of the Jesuits, and taught from their childhood that rebellion against their authority involves not only eternal damnation but present punishment; educated in contempt for the laws and indifference to every virtue that can exalt the race! Such is Naples.

Let us look at it in detail. The traveler who walks through Toledo or Chiaja for the first time, on a sunny day in the cooler months, is amazed at the evidences of life and happiness which he sees. Fifty thousand people, they say, throng Toledo (the Broadway of Naples) daily. Every trade under the sun is carried on in the open street. There are shoemakers and tailors at their benches; scribes inditing love-letters for amorous swains; begging monks proving clearly that all who do not give them a carline will be served up hot in another world; women plucking poultry or cleaning vegetables; quack doctors forcing their panaceas down the throats of peasants from the Abruzzi; cooks roasting and frying at great fires on the sidewalk; mothers combing their children's hair, or turning them up and whipping them; old women on crutches singing airs from Lucia, and old men reciting Ariosto with much fervor; water-sellers bawling iced water; pious minstrels playing doleful bagpipes under a statue of the Virgin; Sicilian girls dancing the tarantella with uncommon vigor; friars roaring that they only want a *gran* more to save a soul from hell; boys fighting for water-melons; exchange tables loaded with copper; lemonade-stands surmounted by triumphal arches, bedizened with gold paper and wreaths of flowers; macaroni-dealers ladling huge masses of the smoking delicacy out of caldrons, and beseeching the crowd not to let it cool; more monks, tinkling little bells, and knocking Punch and the conjuror over as they hurry past with a dead man; ladies in Parisian dresses, peasant girls in scarlet rags; lazaroni in every corner, lying, crouching, squatting, running, sleeping, laughing, fighting, picking pockets; and an array of carriages, corricoli, omnibuses, cavaliers, tearing and dashing along at a furious rate, as though collisions were impossible and bones could not be broken.

MESSINA.

Messina, as every one knows, is one of the two large towns in Sicily. It is situated on the northeast coast, opposite to Calabria, from which it is separated by the channel of the Faro, here about four miles wide. The town of Messina is built partly on the slope of a steep hill, and partly along the sea-shore at the foot of it. The port is formed by a strip of sandy beach projecting into the sea at the south side of the city, and sweeping round in the form of a semicircle. On this narrow track of land are the citadel, the lazaretto, the light-house, and the Castle of Salvatore at the entrance of the harbor, which faces the north. The larger part of the town rises in the form of a crescent, on the west side of the harbor, which is more than two miles in circumference, and is one of the best in the Mediterranean. The view over the channel, the opposite coast of Calabria, with its towns and villages, and the lofty Apennines behind them, and, on the other side, the low promontory of Faro, with its tower, advancing into the sea as if to meet the Italian coast, form a splendid landscape, which is one of the finest even in that classic sea, whose shores are so remarkable for the variety of beautiful scenery it presents.

THE INSURRECTIONS.

The signal for Garibaldi's interference was insurrections throughout Sicily. The following summary of news gives a fair picture of the state of affairs:

The Messinese, like the rest of the Sicilians, had borne their wretched treatment till they could bear it no longer, and on the 8th ultimo the inhabitants of the city rose, but were overpowered and driven into the country. A great number of soldiers, gens d'armes, and citizens were killed and wounded, but the numbers have not been correctly ascertained. A report having got abroad that the rising in Palermo, which had taken place some days previously, had been quelled, the idea of a successful revolution was for the time abandoned, and the citizens gradually returned to their houses. On the nights of the 10th and 12th ultimo attacks were made on the city by the troops, and many persons were killed in their houses. There was both musketry and cannon fire, and the soldiers appear to have fired right and left, without any apparent object; indeed, the troops were to be dreaded even by peaceable citizens. The British and French Consuls, in the first place, made remonstrances against the bombardment, but the Commandant informed them that they were at liberty to take refuge in the arsenal, that he had no discretion to spare the town if any necessity arose, and, in fact, a proclamation was published to that effect. On the cannonade taking place the Consuls protested in very strong terms. To show with what caprice the soldiers acted, it may be stated that a Swiss citizen was wounded as he was coming out of a monastery, where he had been paying a visit, and on being taken to the guard-house was shut up for three days. An officer was said to have been shot by one of his own men; in fact, the reign of terror had been established by the army itself.

THE CITY OF MES

The last intelligence from Messina says there was scarcely a person to be met with in the streets. There were, however, numbers of soldiers parading the town in all directions. Bills were posted on the houses and shops to the effect, "This is French property," "This is English property," etc., and many persons had sought refuge with the various Consuls, as being the safest place of abode. There can be no doubt that numerous unarmed and quiet people have been shot by the troops, and the conduct of the authorities has been rather to provoke a revolution than to quell one.

The insurrection at Palermo broke out on the 4th ult. It was announced to the people by a loud report of musketry. The police, well aware that in the church and in the stores of Gancia (a convent at the east end of the capital) men, ammunition, and arms had been assembled, made an onset against the place, which they had previously encompassed all round. Cannon were reared in that part of the marine plain which looks in a straight line toward the main door of the church. The doors were thrown down on the first discharge, and a storming party of troops and policemen advanced. They were received by volleys of musketry; but the defenders inside were but forty. A few of them fell dead; several others were wounded; some made their escape over the roof; others sought a refuge in the sepulchral vaults; thirteen were taken, and these, laden with chains, were led to prison, followed by thirty of the monks, who were dragged along with the prisoners. Arms, ammunition, and a wooden cannon with iron hoops were found in the church and store-rooms. The soldiers then carried havoc and fire throughout the building; nothing was spared. A silver crucifix was broken to pieces by these Christian soldiers, who shared the fragments among them. They took the golden "pixis" from the tabernacle, strewing its contents—the consecrated wafers or hosts—on the ground. Some fighting was still going on at Purrazzi, and musket-shots were heard all along that line as far as the St. Antonino Gate. The fire ceased in a few hours, and the cry, "Vive il Rè!" announced the complete victory of the troops. The soldiers had driven before them a few of the insurgents at Purrazzi, and had then fired at random all along that line as far as the abovementioned gate, either through fear or with a view to strike terror among the unoffending population. The Lady Abbess of the Basta del Monte, out of the Macqueda Gate, and a chaplain in his gown and surplice, were dragged in chains to prison, because, unaware of any guilt in the matter, they had suffered the bells of the church to summon the faithful to the usual service.

On the 5th ult. the soldiers again attacked Purrazzi, where not a living soul was left; they battered with cannon the villas of Furno and Montegna, which had been previously sacked; those tenements burned for three days. They slew on this occasion a woman who was flying before them with an infant in arms—they slew mother and child. They killed seven women in their houses, firing at them long after they had secured their easy victory.

The next day fifty of the insurgents hoisted three tricolor flags on a mound two miles west of Palermo, at a place called Baida. A battalion of Chasseurs attacked them; the fire lasted about four hours without much harm on either side; for the troops, notwithstanding their numerical superiority, kept at cannon-shot distance from the insurgents. These latter removed their banners and retired, in good order, to the neighboring height of Monte Cuccio. The soldiers wreaked their wrath upon the luckless monastery and hospital of Baida, which they charged with having sheltered the insurgents in the night and supplied them with drink. Two of the monks were killed; and the patients in the hospital were thrown on the ground with the beds overturned upon them. The victorious troops encamped at Bocca di Falco.

The report that had reached the Messinese on the 8th, to the effect that the outbreak … come, was a false one; for the … the 12th, when the insurgents … and twenty-five of them taken …

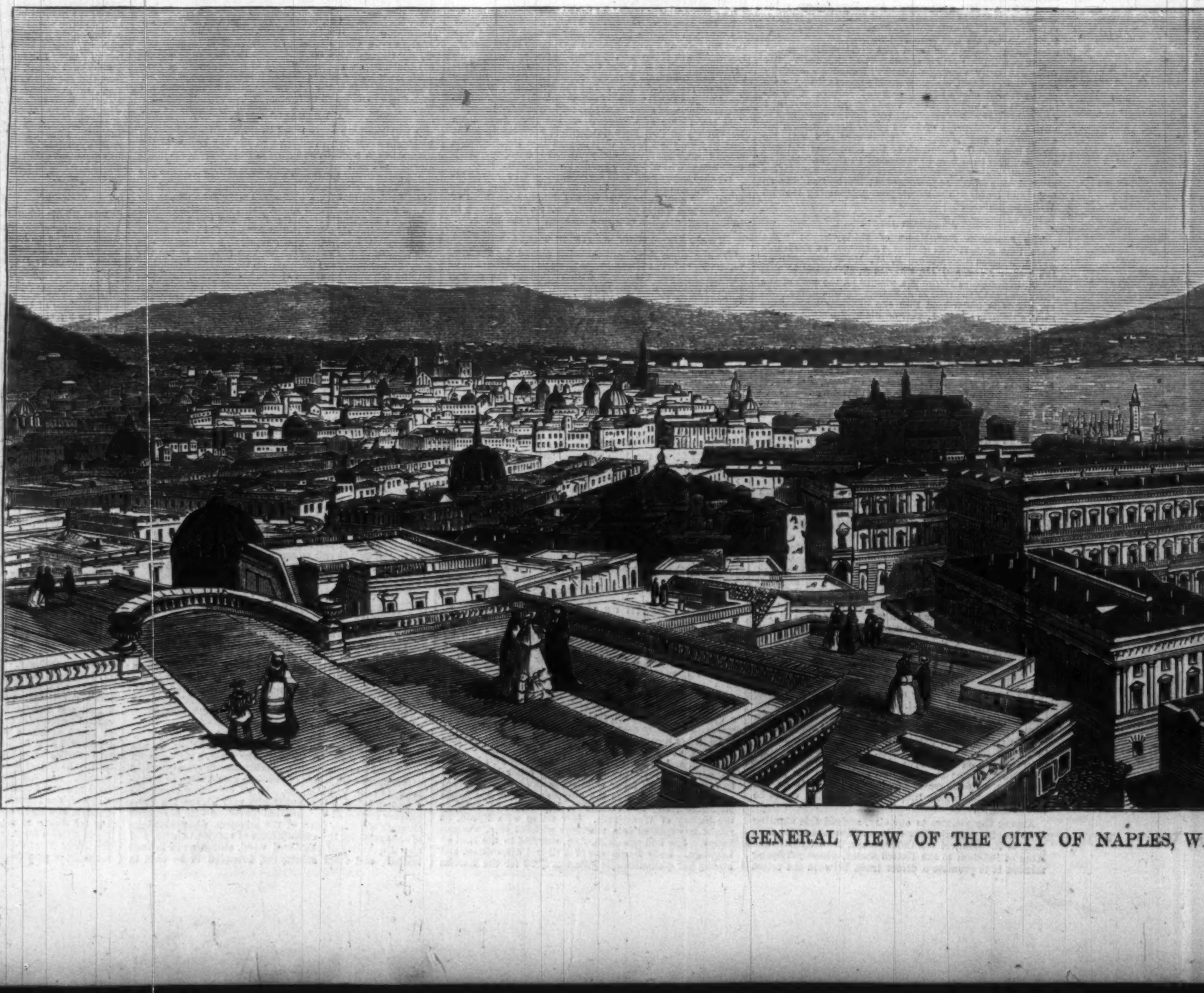
The massacres, fires, and d… Royal troops have been guilty … unheard of. Whole towns of … stroyed and the population … villas and the magnificent pal… all in ashes. Military executi… day, and no one knows when th… ers are shot in batches of fou… time.

GARIBALDI'S EX…

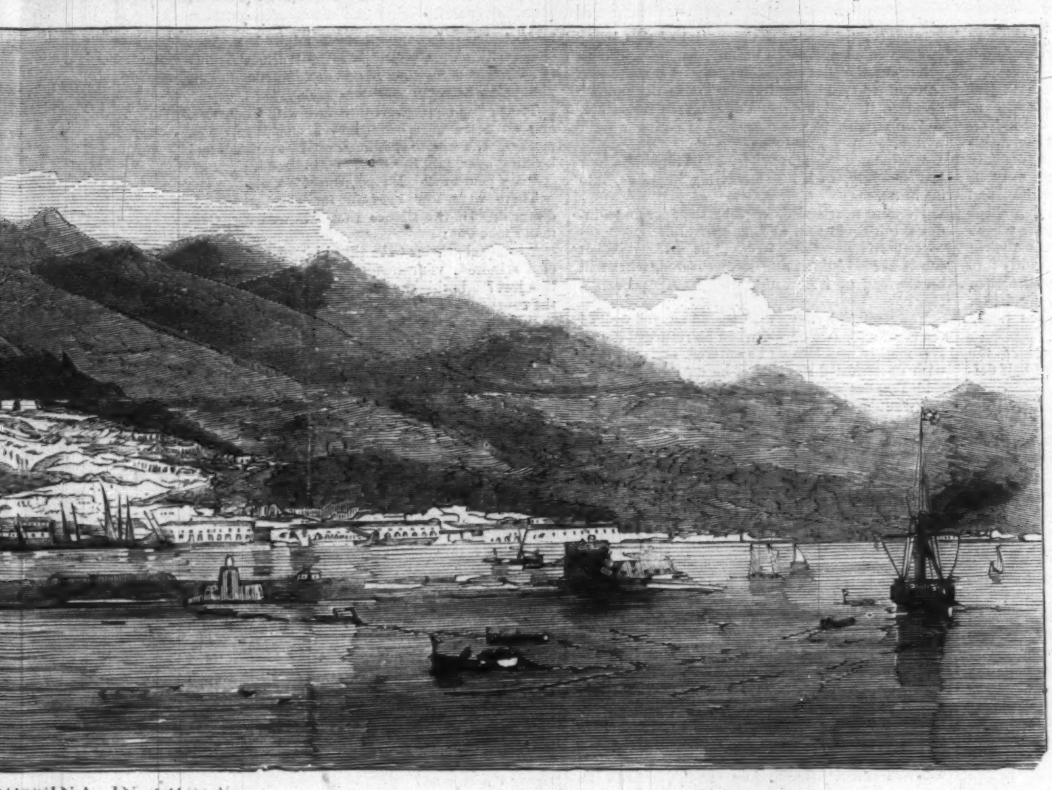
We mentioned the leading … expedition in our last num… now coming to hand. The … day and proclamation were …

May, 1860, …

Order of the Day.—*Corps* … The mission of this corps will … based upon the most complete … ject of regenerating our countr…



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF NAPLES, W



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A private letter from Marsala says:

While on shore to-day, about 2.30 or 3 in the afternoon, we entered a *café*. In a few minutes several fellows entered—some in red, others in plain clothes, all armed with muskets and bayonets. Every one around seemed favorable to them. We at once asked what was the matter, and were told that it was a case of "Viva Italia," and Garibaldi had landed. We immediately took a walk round the town, and found the soldiers (patriots) had possession. We wanted to go out toward the country, but the officer in command—a fine-looking fellow—told us we could not pass without an order from General Garibaldi. We therefore returned to the mole for the purpose of getting on board, and met more soldiers coming in. At the mole gate we were again stopped, and there detained until a pass from the General was procured for us. On the mole we met fresh troops, who had disembarked with arms, ammunition, etc. We were informed that some two thousand had been thrown into the town, and that more would soon follow—the only thing they wished for being that they might meet the Neapolitans. They all appeared fine athletic fellows—just the sort to make short work of a dish of macaroni. They landed from two steamers close under the noses of the Neapolitans, who, with two steamers and a sailing frigate, had been constantly watching the coast. The smallest of these vessels could easily have prevented the landing, but she was too cautious to attempt it. After the soldiers, however, were safe on shore the Neapolitans closed in and fired on the town, or rather at a few stragglers on the mole—a mere waste of powder, for many of the shots fell short, and those that did reach *terra firma* merely plowed up the earth that the enemy had passed over. There is no doubt whatever but that one at least of Garibaldi's vessels, particularly the rearmost, could have been cut off; but no, they were afraid to try it on. After these had been abandoned by the Italians they were taken possession of at 6.30 P.M. by the Neapolitans, who, however, displayed much hesitation, evidently deeming "discretion the better part of valor." At this moment, as we are in the act of leaving for Malta, a steamer and frigate are opening on the town, but the fire receives no return. Whether they have artillery or not, we are unable to state. We can only remark that we saw none. The people in the town received Garibaldi and his followers with open arms, appearing as if they had been long expecting them. At the time of the General's arrival there were no Neapolitan troops in the town. Owing to the shallowness of the water their large ships could not approach.

STATE OF PALERMO AND NAPLES.

The Naples correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on the 8th instant:

A person who is often in Palermo tells me that on Friday, at four o'clock, the shops were opened, and the cannon removed from the street; but on Saturday, at four o'clock, they had been replaced, as a row or two had taken place the night before outside the gates. The cavalry, he heard, had suffered much, and indeed beyond Palermo the state of things was awful. An order to open the shops was posted on the walls, and every thing was compulsory. When the insurrection broke out in Trapani the prisoners were liberated from Favignana, and joined the patriots. The Bagnio of Favignana is as notorious as the Bastile of Paris. Of the interior little that was precise was known; but the insurrection was far from having been put down. Dispatches just arrived from Messina announce that all was tranquil, and that the state of siege was taken off on the 3d instant. A most sanguinary proclamation, which owes its origin to Filangieri, had been published in both places. Arms were to be given up directly, and lists of the names of persons in arms, or supposed to be so, were to be affixed to all public places for fifteen days. If the persons whose names were therein entered did not appear and have their names struck out they would be liable to be tried by court-martial and shot. If a chief were to be brought in by any one, his captor would have 100 ducats reward; if a common man, the captor would have 50 ducats.

Letters from Naples to the 12th inst. state that on the previous Thursday a demonstration took place at Palermo. An immense crowd assembled, shouting "Vive l'Italia!" "Viva Emmanuele!" "Viva Napoleone!" Women of the highest rank excited the men and insulted the soldiers, who fired several shots. The garrison had been ordered to remain in their barracks. Fresh reinforcements are about to be dispatched. A proclamation had been published signed by the Governor of Sicily, Prince Castelcicala, stating that in view of the grave and sanguinary misdeeds and of the plundering which had taken place at Cemina, Petralia, Sottona, Caccamo, Vicari, and Portecillo, the carrying or detention of arms by any band is prohibited.

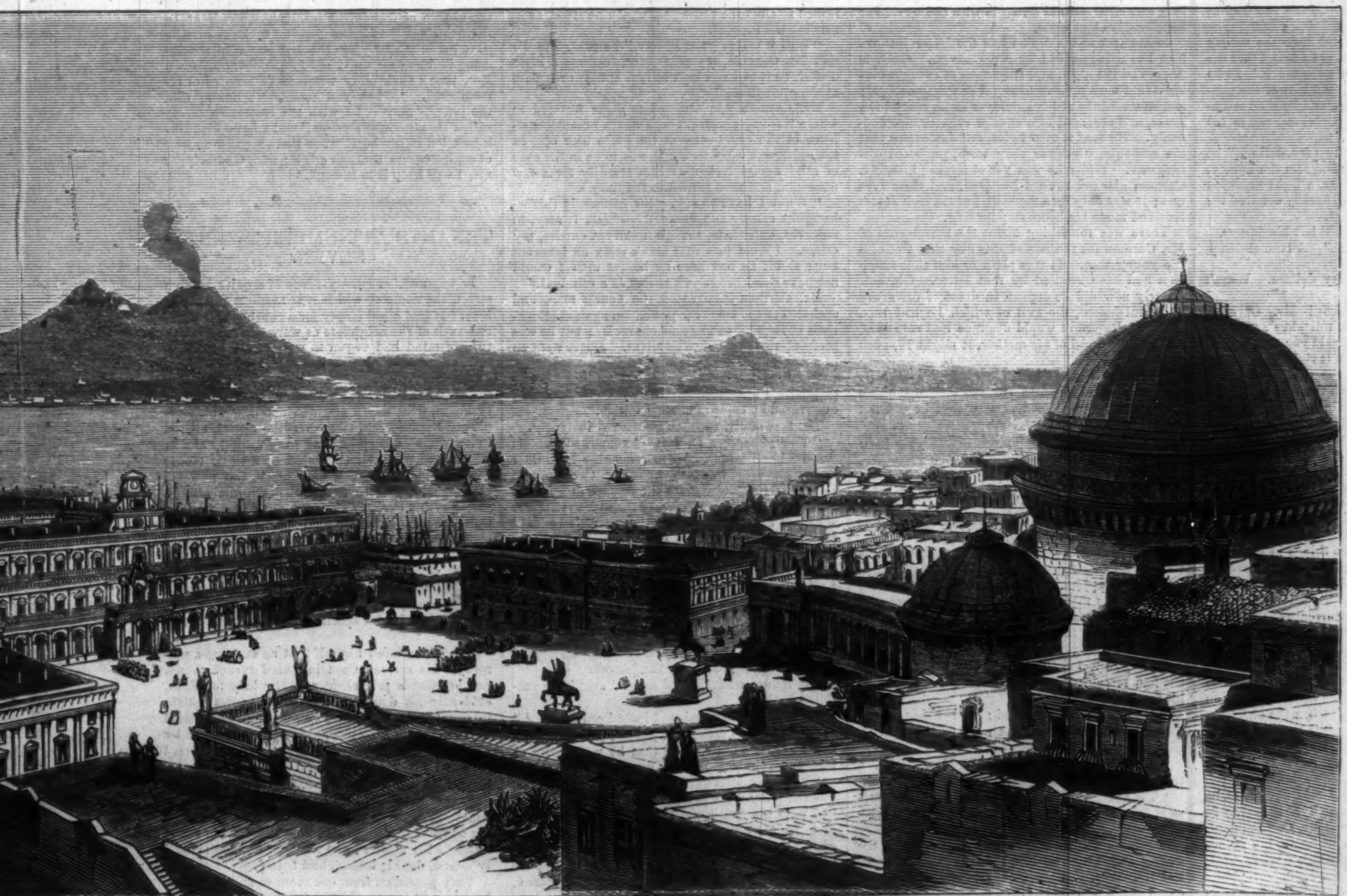
Another letter of the 11th from Palermo is from a gentleman who writes thus:

On Sunday last there were two or three demonstrations in the churches. The steamer which was to have left yesterday (10th) was detained by the Government. She was sent off the night before last to cruise in search of Garibaldi, who has not yet been found. We have been worse off than ever during the last two days—constant demonstrations, and yesterday and the evening before the people, on being fired on, got foul of the *sbirri* with knives, and wounded and killed several. Some of the people also were wounded, and we are approaching by degrees to a Sicilian Vespers. The people were never more united, and are beginning to get desperate. The squadri likewise had a rub with the troops near Balestreri, to the eastward of Palermo. We have this from a good source, as also that the 10th Regiment of the Line at the Mole showed symptoms of disaffection, and cried out, "*Abasso il Colonnello*," etc. So that by degrees you will see things are beginning to take the course predicted by Lord John Russell. The reports about Garibaldi have thrown the Government into confusion, and the evening before last all the steamers were again put into requisition, and sent off in every direction. The *Eletrico* came back yesterday afternoon. The demonstrations are no longer in the Cassaro and the Toledo, but in the Macqueda and the off-streets. The Government is greatly agitated here, and orders have been sent to Avellino to the 3d regiment (the foreign regiment—Austrian) to hold itself ready for departure. A report prevails that a telegram from the Neapolitan Consul at Tunis had been received, announcing that the expedition of Garibaldi, consisting of 800 men, was there.

WHERE GARIBALDI LANDED.

Marsala, where Garibaldi has landed, is a port of Sicily, situated about ninety-five miles from Palermo. It belongs to the province of Trapani, which extends, as well as the province of Palermo and that of Messina, along the north coast of the island. Marsala carries on a large business in the wine which bears its name. It also deals in corn, fruit, cotton, and salt. The population is about twenty thousand. It possesses a number of foreign commercial houses, the most important of which are English. It was a flourishing place under the Romans, and its prosperity was maintained until the close of the 15th century. In 1532 the port was filled up, by order of Charles V., to prevent the fleet of Soliman II. from getting possession of it. It has never completely recovered from that disaster, and vessels of large tonnage can not enter. The attack on Marsala indicates the plan conceived by Garibaldi. He carries the struggle on the north coast of the island, where all the strong places are situated, and approaches those positions which, if seized on by him, will give decisive results. On the other hand, the Neapolitan army appears to be prepared for an energetic defense. It had receiv information of the att and a good road h formed to unite t on the coast, so th centration of troo be readily and promp fected.

As we go to press, a rumor is current that a battle has taken place between the invaders and the royal troops at a place about eight miles from Palermo. This, however, lacks confirmation. As soon as Garibaldi's force is ready, he will undoubtedly march on Palermo; but hardly enough time had elapsed, when the *Africa* sailed, for news to have arrived of his having done so. Our readers will find some further intelligence on the subject in the news pages, to which we refer.



S, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

NAPLES AND MESSINA.

We publish herewith views of the cities of Messina and Naples, from recent pictures. They are of peculiar interest at the present time, and will be still more valuable as the war which has commenced in Southern Italy progresses.

NAPLES.

The city of Naples needs no description. In a former number of this journal we said of it:

Fancy a city of some 450,000 inhabitants, of whom 18,000 are priests, 40,000 idlers, 4000 lawyers, and nearly 30,000 prisoners of state, locked up in some of the five hundred and thirty royal prisons! Fancy this city in a state of chronic siege, with the guns of its forts constantly pointed, not upon its enemies, but upon its people! Fancy a government consisting of a priest-ridden king, cruel, treacherous, and false; maintaining his power by the aid of Swiss and German guards, most of whom are kidnapped, contrary to law, in the southern German States and Switzerland; so miserable an administrator that no department of the government makes the least pretense to efficiency but the police, which has its spies every where, and is said to be as perfect as Fouché's; so blind to facts that he believes he is a blessing to his people, and calmly expects that God will scatter his enemies! Finally, fancy a people systematically trained in idleness, servility, and ignorance; denied the privileges of wholesome education and the use of books; forced to kneel at the feet of the Jesuits, and taught from their childhood that rebellion against their authority involves not only eternal damnation but present punishment; educated in contempt for the laws and indifference to every virtue that can exalt the race! Such is Naples.

Let us look at it in detail. The traveler who walks through Toledo or Chiaja for the first time, on a sunny day in the cooler months, is amazed at the evidences of life and happiness which he sees. Fifty thousand people, they say, throng Toledo (the Broadway of Naples) daily. Every trade under the sun is carried on in the open street. There are shoemakers and tailors at their benches; scribes inditing love-letters for amorous swains; begging monks proving clearly that all who do not give them a carline will be served up hot in another world; women plucking poultry or cleaning vegetables; quack doctors forcing their panaceas down the throats of peasants from the Abruzzi; cooks roasting and frying at great fires on the sidewalk; mothers combing their children's hair, or turning them up and whipping them; old women on crutches singing airs from Lucia, and old men reciting Ariosto with much fervor; water-sellers bawling iced water; pious minstrels playing doleful bagpipes under a statue of the Virgin; Sicilian girls dancing the tarantella with uncommon vigor; friars roaring that they only want a *gran* more to save a soul from hell; boys fighting for watermelons; exchange tables loaded with copper; lemonade-stands surmounted by triumphal arches, bedizened with gold paper and wreaths of flowers; macaroni-dealers ladling huge masses of the smoking delicacy out of caldrons, and beseeching the crowd not to let it cool; more monks, tinkling little bells, and knocking Punch and the conjuror over as they hurry past with a dead man; ladies in Parisian dresses, peasant girls in scarlet rags; lazaroni in every corner, lying, crouching, squatting, running, sleeping, laughing, fighting, picking pockets; and an array of carriages, corricoli, omnibuses, cavaliers, tearing and dashing along at a furious rate, as though collisions were impossible and bones could not be broken.

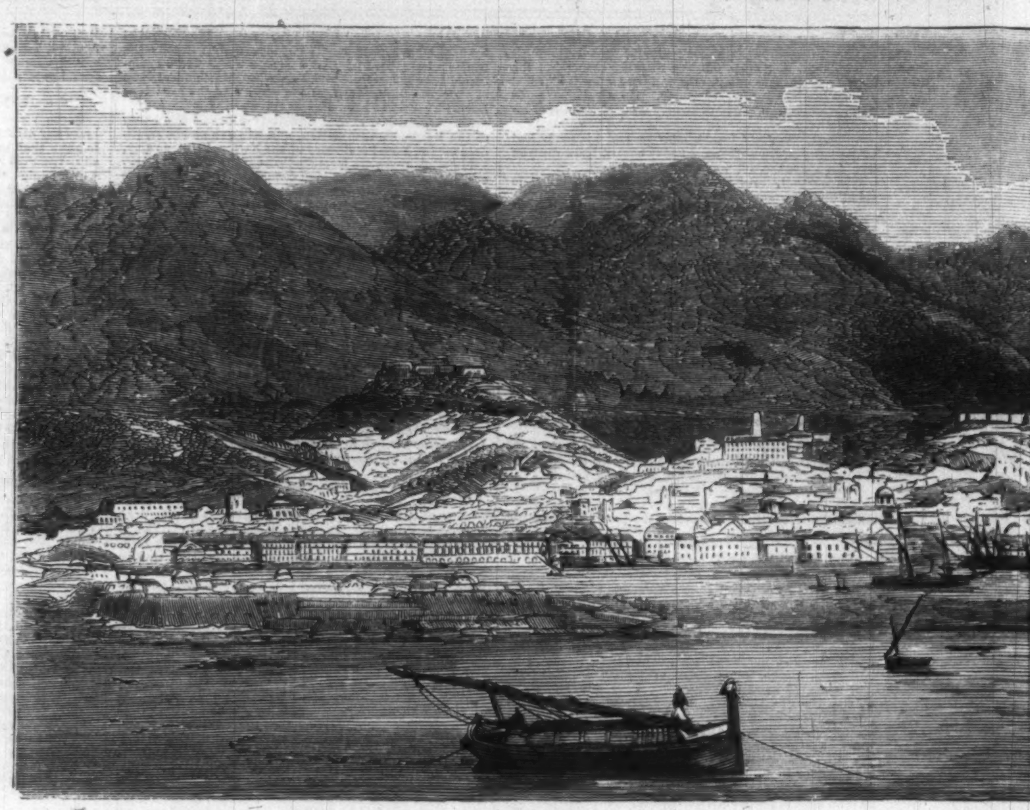
MESSINA.

Messina, as every one knows, is one of the two large towns in Sicily. It is situated on the northeast coast, opposite to Calabria, from which it is separated by the channel of the Faro, here about four miles wide. The town of Messina is built partly on the slope of a steep hill, and partly along the sea-shore at the foot of it. The port is formed by a strip of sandy beach projecting into the sea at the south side of the city, and sweeping round in the form of a semicircle. On this narrow track of land are the citadel, the lazaretto, the light-house, and the Castle of Salvatore at the entrance of the harbor, which faces the north. The larger part of the town rises in the form of a crescent, on the west side of the harbor, which is more than two miles in circumference, and is one of the best in the Mediterranean. The view over the channel, the opposite coast of Calabria, with its towns and villages, and the lofty Apennines behind them, and, on the other side, the low promontory of Faro, with its tower, advancing into the sea as if to meet the Italian coast, form a splendid landscape, which is one of the finest even in that classic sea, whose shores are so remarkable for the variety of beautiful scenery it presents.

THE INSURRECTIONS.

The signal for Garibaldi's interference was insurrections throughout Sicily. The following summary of news gives a fair picture of the state of affairs:

The Messinese, like the rest of the Sicilians, had borne their wretched treatment till they could bear it no longer, and on the 8th ultimo the inhabitants of the city rose, but were overpowered and driven into the country. A great number of soldiers, gens d'armes, and citizens were killed and wounded, but the numbers have not been correctly ascertained. A report having got abroad that the rising in Palermo, which had taken place some days previously, had been quelled, the idea of a successful revolution was for the time abandoned, and the citizens gradually returned to their houses. On the nights of the 10th and 12th ultimo attacks were made on the city by the troops, and many persons were killed in their houses. There was both musketry and cannon fire, and the soldiers appear to have fired right and left, without any apparent object; indeed, the troops were to be dreaded even by peaceable citizens. The British and French Consuls, in the first place, made remonstrances against the bombardment, but the Commandant informed them that they were at liberty to take refuge in the arsenal, that he had no discretion to spare the town if any necessity arose, and, in fact, a proclamation was published to that effect. On the cannonade taking place the Consuls protested in very strong terms. To show with what caprice the soldiers acted, it may be stated that a Swiss citizen was wounded as he was coming out of a monastery, where he had been paying a visit, and on being taken to the guard-house was shut up for three days. An officer was said to have been shot by one of his own men; in fact, the reign of terror had been established by the army itself.



THE CITY OF ME

The last intelligence from Messina says there was scarcely a person to be met with in the streets. There were, however, numbers of soldiers parading the town in all directions. Bills were posted on the houses and shops to the effect, "This is French property," "This is English property," etc., and many persons had sought refuge with the various Consuls, as being the safest place of abode. There can be no doubt that numerous unarmed and quiet people have been shot by the troops, and the conduct of the authorities has been rather to provoke a revolution than to quell one.

The insurrection at Palermo broke out on the 4th ult. It was announced to the people by a loud report of musketry. The police, well aware that in the church and in the stores of Gancia (a convent at the east end of the capital) men, ammunition, and arms had been assembled, made an onset against the place, which they had previously encompassed all round. Cannon were reared in that part of the marine plain which looks in a straight line toward the main door of the church. The doors were thrown down on the first discharge, and a storming party of troops and policemen advanced. They were received by volleys of musketry; but the defenders inside were but forty. A few of them fell dead; several others were wounded; some made their escape over the roof; others sought a refuge in the sepulchral vaults; thirteen were taken, and these, laden with chains, were led to prison, followed by thirty of the monks, who were dragged along with the prisoners. Arms, ammunition, and a wooden cannon with iron hoops were found in the church and store-rooms. The soldiers then carried havoc and fire throughout the building; nothing was spared. A silver crucifix was broken to pieces by these Christian soldiers, who shared the fragments among them. They took the golden "pixis" from the tabernacle, strewing its contents—the consecrated wafers or hosts—on the ground. Some fighting was still going on at Purrazzi, and musket-shots were heard all along that line as far as the St. Antonino Gate. The fire ceased in a few hours, and the cry, "Vive il Rè!" announced the complete victory of the troops. The soldiers had driven before them a few of the insurgents at Purrazzi, and had then fired at random all along that line as far as the abovementioned gate, either through fear or with a view to strike terror among the unoffending population. The Lady Abbess of the Basta del Monte, out of the Macqueda Gate, and a chaplain in his gown and surplice, were dragged in chains to prison, because, unaware of any guilt in the matter, they had suffered the bells of the church to summon the faithful to the usual service.

On the 5th ult. the soldiers again attacked Purrazzi, where not a living soul was left; they battered with cannon the villas of Furno and Montegna, which had been previously sacked; those tenements burned for three days. They slew on this occasion a woman who was flying before them with an infant in arms—they slew mother and child. They killed seven women in their houses, firing at them long after they had secured their easy victory.

The next day fifty of the insurgents hoisted three tricolor flags on a mound two miles west of Palermo, at a place called Baida. A battalion of Chasseurs attacked them; the fire lasted about four hours without much harm on either side; for the troops, notwithstanding their numerical superiority, kept at cannon-shot distance from the insurgents. These latter removed their banners and retired, in good order, to the neighboring height of Monte Cuccio. The soldiers wreaked their wrath upon the luckless monastery and hospital of Baida, which they charged with having sheltered the insurgents in the night and supplied them with drink. Two of the monks were killed; and the patients in the hospital were thrown on the ground with the beds overturned upon them. The victorious troops encamped at Bocca di Falco.

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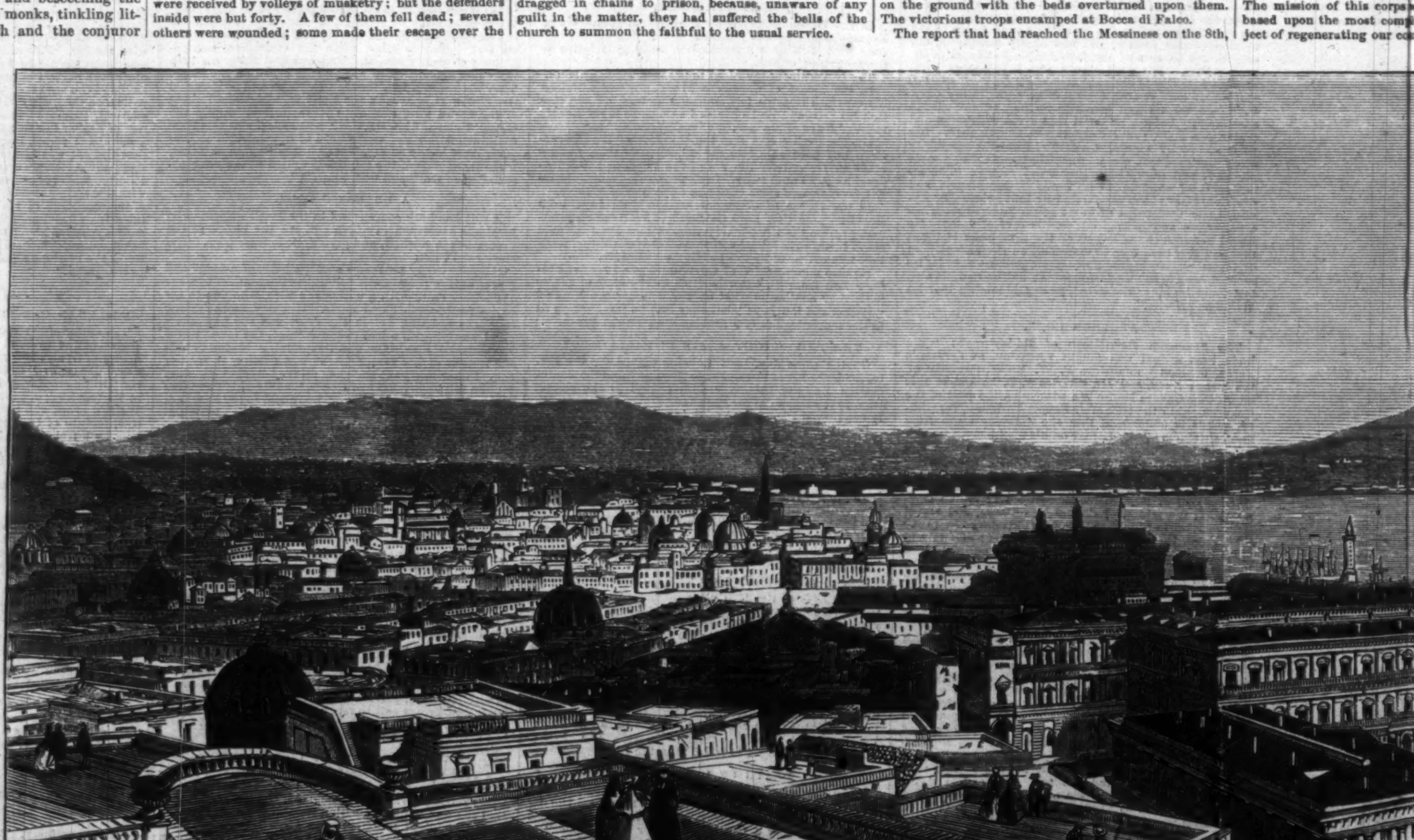

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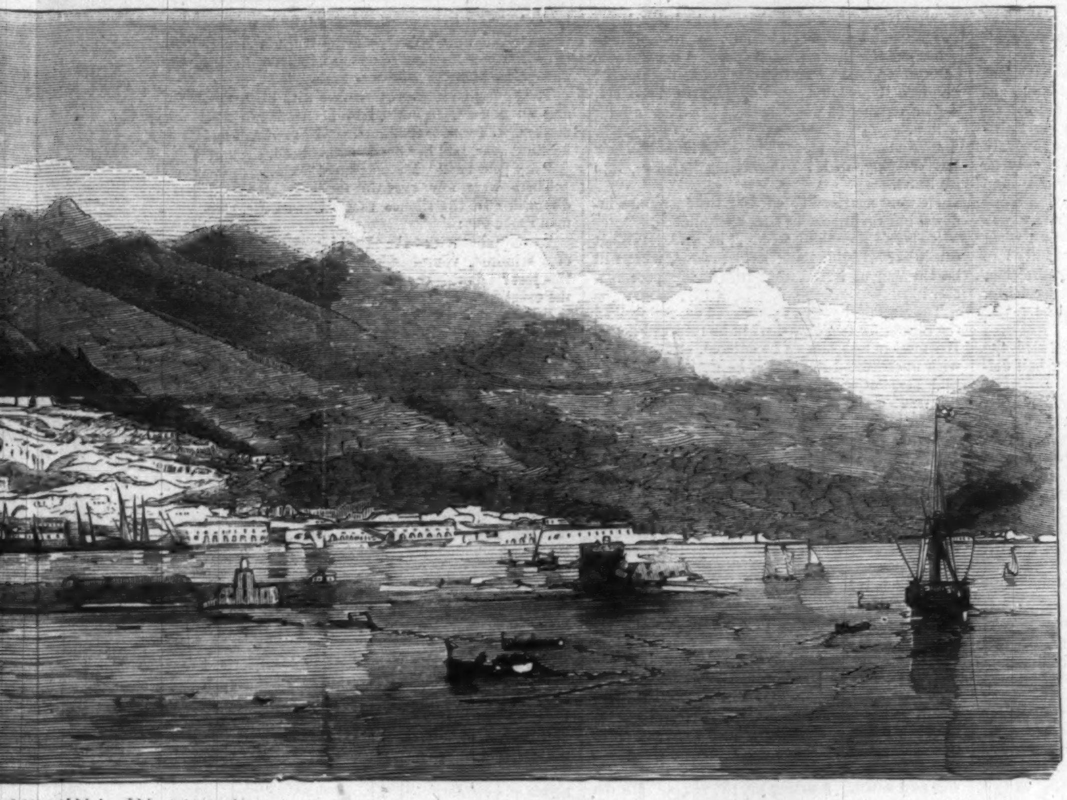

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Letters from Naples to the 12th inst. state that on the previous Thursday a demonstration took place at Palermo. An immense crowd assembled, shouting "Vive l'Italia!" "Viva Emmanuele!" "Viva Napoleone!" Women of the highest rank excited the men and insulted the soldiers, who fired several shots. The garrison had been ordered to remain in their barracks. Fresh reinforcements are about to be dispatched. A proclamation had been published signed by the Governor of Sicily, Prince Castelcicala, stating that in view of the grave and sanguinary misdeeds and of the plundering which had taken place at Cemina, Petralia, Sottona, Caccamo, Vicari, and Portecillo, the carrying or detention of arms by any band is prohibited.

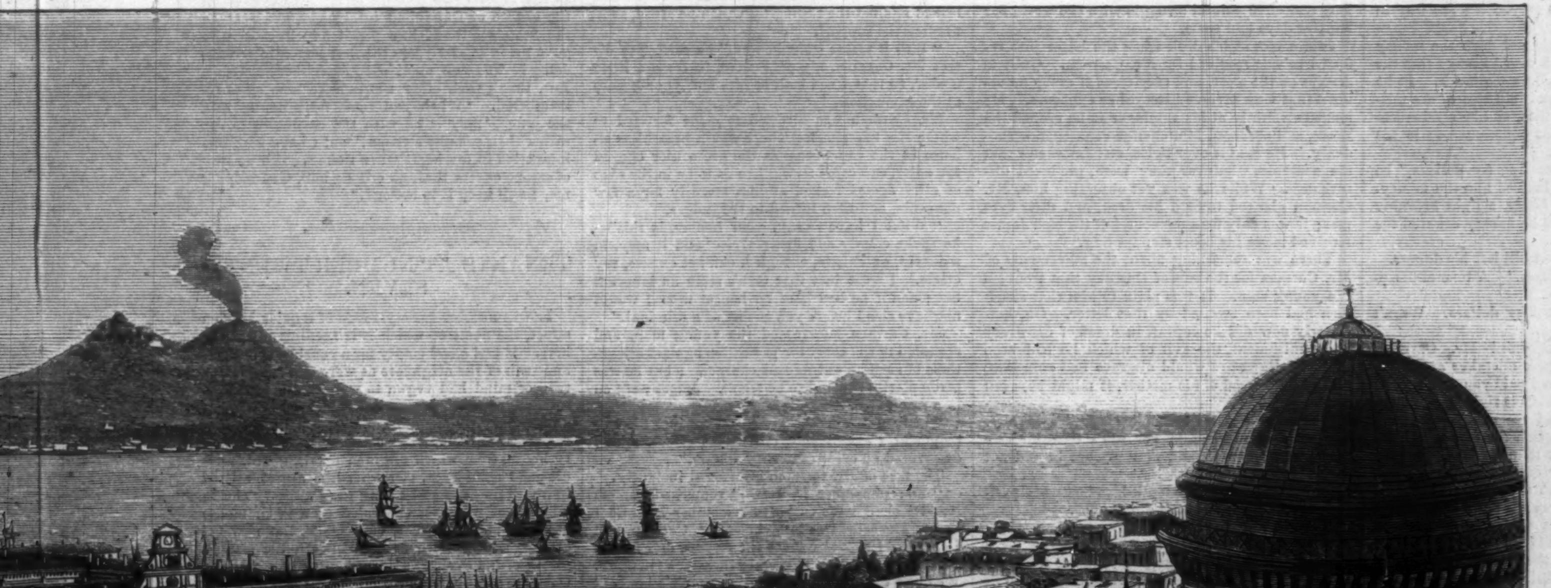
Another letter of the 11th from Palermo is from a gentleman who writes thus:

On Sunday last there were two or three demonstrations in the churches. The steamer which was to have left yesterday (10th) was detained by the Government. She was sent off the night before last to cruise in search of Garibaldi, who has not yet been found. We have been worse off than ever during the last two days—constant demonstrations, and yesterday and the evening be fore the people, on being fired on, got foul of the *sbirri* with knives, and wounded and killed several. Some of the people also were wounded, and we are approaching by degrees to a Sicilian Vespers. The people were never more united, and are beginning to get desperate. The squadri likewise had a rub with the troops near Balestreri, to the eastward of Palermo. We have this from a good source, as also that the 10th Regiment of the Line at the Mole showed symptoms of disaffection, and cried out, "*Abasso il Colonnello*," etc. So that by degrees you will see things are beginning to take the course predicted by Lord John Russell. The reports about Garibaldi have thrown the Government into confusion, and the evening before last all the steamers were again put into requisition, and sent off in every direction. The *Eletrico* came back yesterday afternoon. The demonstrations are no longer in the Cassaro and the Toledo, but in the Macqueda and the off-streets. The Government is greatly agitated here, and orders have been sent to Avellino to the 3d regiment (the foreign regiment—Austrian) to hold itself ready for departure. A report prevails that a telegram from the Neapolitan Consul at Tunis had been received, announcing that the expedition of Garibaldi, consisting of 800 men, was there.

WHERE GARIBALDI LANDED.

Marsala, where Garibaldi has landed, is a port of Sicily, situated about ninety-five miles from Palermo. It belongs to the province of Trapani, which extends, as well as the province of Palermo and that of Messina, along the north coast of the island. Marsala carries on a large business in the wine which bears its name. It also deals in corn, fruit, cotton, and salt. The population is about twenty thousand. It possesses a number of foreign commercial houses, the most important of which are English. It was a flourishing place under the Romans, and its prosperity was maintained until the close of the 15th century. In 1532 the port was filled up, by order of Charles V., to prevent the fleet of Soliman II. from getting possession of it. It has never completely recovered from that disaster, and vessels of large tonnage can not enter. The attack on Marsala indicates the plan conceived by Garibaldi. He carries the struggle on the north coast of the island, where all the strong places are situated, and approaches those positions which, if seized on by him, will give decisive results. On the other hand, the Neapolitan army appears to be prepared for an energetic defense. It had receiv information of the attack, and a good road had been formed to unite the towns on the coast, so that the concentration of troops might be readily and promptly effected.

As we go to press, a rumor is current that a battle has taken place between the invaders and the royal troops at a place about eight miles from Palermo. This, however, lacks confirmation. As soon as Garibaldi's force is ready, he will undoubtedly march on Palermo; but hardly enough time had elapsed, when the *Africa* sailed, for news to have arrived of his having done so. Our readers will find some further intelligence on the subject in the news pages, to which we refer.



ES, WITH MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

UNFORGOTTEN WORDS.

"Have you examined that bill, James?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Any thing wrong?"

"I find two errors."

"Ah! let me see."

The lad handed his employer a long bill that had been placed on his desk for examination.

"Here is an error in the calculation of ten dollars, which they have made against themselves; and another error of ten dollars in the footing."

"Also against themselves?"

"Yes, Sir."

The merchant smiled in a way that struck the lad as peculiar.

"Twenty dollars against themselves!" he remarked, in a kind of pleasant surprise. "Trusty clerks they must have!"

"Shall I correct the figures?" asked the lad.

"No; let them correct their own mistakes. We don't examine bills for other people's benefit," replied the merchant. "It will be time enough for us to rectify these errors when they find them out. All so much gain, as it now stands."

The boy's delicate moral sense was shocked at so unexpected a remark. He was the son of a poor widow, who had given him good instruction and taught him that to be just was the duty of all men. Mr. Carman, the merchant in whose employment he had been for only a few months, was an old friend of his father's, and a person in whom his mother reposed the highest confidence. In fact, James had always looked upon him as a kind of model man; and when Mr. Carman agreed to take him into his store, he felt that great good fortune was in his way.

"Let them correct their own mistakes." The words made a strong impression on the mind of James Lewis. When first spoken by Mr. Carman, and with the meaning then involved, he felt, as we have said, shocked; but as he turned them over and over again in his thoughts, and connected their utterance with a person who stood so high in his mother's estimation, he began to think that perhaps the thing was fair enough in business. Mr. Carman was hardly the man to do wrong.

In a few days after James examined the bill a clerk from the house by which it had been rendered called for a settlement. The lad, who was present, waited with considerable interest to see whether Mr. Carman would speak of the error. But he made no remark on that subject. A check for the amount of the bill as rendered was filled up, and a receipt taken.

"Is that right?" James asked himself this question. His moral sense said No; but the fact that Mr. Carman had so acted bewildered his mind.

"It may be the way in business"—so he thought with himself—"but it don't look honest. I wouldn't have believed it of him!"

Mr. Carman had a kind way with him that won upon the boy's heart, and naturally tended to make him judge whatever he might do in the most favorable manner.

"I wish he had corrected that error," he said to himself a great many times when thinking, in a pleased way, of Mr. Carman and his own good fortune in having been received into his employment. "It don't look right; but maybe it's the way in business."

One day he went to bank and drew the money for a check. In counting it over he found that the teller had paid him fifty dollars too much. So he went back to the counter and told him of the mistake. The teller thanked him, and he returned to the store with the pleasant consciousness in his mind of having done right.

"The teller overpaid me by fifty dollars," he said to Mr. Carman, as he handed him the money.

"Indeed!" replied the latter, a light breaking over his countenance. And he hastily counted the bank-bills.

The light faded as the last bill left his fingers.

"There's no mistake, James." A tone of disappointment was in his voice.

"Oh! I gave back the fifty dollars. Wasn't that right?"

"You simpleton!" exclaimed Mr. Carman. "Don't you know that bank mistakes are never corrected? If the teller had paid you fifty dollars short he would not have made it right."

The warm blood stained the cheeks of James under this reproof. It is often the case that more shame is felt for a blunder than a crime. In this instance the lad felt a sense of mortification at having done what Mr. Carman was pleased to call a silly thing; and he made up his mind that if they should overpay him a thousand dollars at the bank he would bring the amount to his employer, and let him do as he pleased with the money.

"Let people look after their own mistakes," said Mr. Carman.

James Lewis pondered these things in his heart. The impression they made was too strong ever to be forgotten. "It may be right," he said to himself, but he did not feel altogether satisfied.

A month or two after the occurrence of that bank mistake, as James counted over his weekly wages, just received from Mr. Carman, he discovered that he had been paid half a dollar too much. The first impulse of his mind was to return the amount to his employer, and it was on his lip to say, "You have given me too much, Sir," when the unforgotten words, "Let people look after their own mistakes," flashed upon his thoughts, and made him hesitate. To hold a parley with evil is, in most cases, to be overcome.

"I must think about this," said James, as he put the money into his pocket. "If it is true in one case, it is true in another. Mr. Carman don't correct mistakes that people make in his favor; and he can't complain when the rule works against himself."

But the boy was very far from being in a comfortable state. He felt that to keep that half dollar would be a dishonest act. Still he could not make up his mind to return it; at least not then. He would retain it for the present, and think the matter over more carefully. He could, if the case did not prove clear on further reflection, make all right with himself and Mr. Carman.

To hold a parley with evil is, as we have just said, in most cases to be overcome; and it was unhappily so in the present case. James did not return the half dollar, but spent it for his own gratification. After he had done this it came suddenly into his thought that Mr. Carman might only be trying him, and he was filled with anxiety and alarm. How bitterly did he regret having spent the half dollar! For two or three days it was as much as he could do to keep from starting when Mr. Carman spoke to him; or to look steadily into his face when receiving from him any direction. It was his first sad experience in wrong-doing. But as no lack of confidence was exhibited James felt reassured in a few days.

Not long afterward Mr. Carman repeated the same mistake. This time James kept the half dollar with less hesitation.

"Let him correct his own mistakes," said he, resolutely; "that's the doctrine he acts on with other people, and he can't complain if he gets paid in the coin he puts in circulation. I just wanted half a dollar."

From this time the fine moral sense of James Lewis was blunted. He had taken an evil counselor into his heart, who not only darkened his clear perceptions of right but stimulated a spirit of covetousness—latent in almost every mind—and caused him to desire the possession of things beyond his ability to obtain.

James had good business qualities, and so pleased Mr. Carman by his intelligence, industry, and tact with customers, that he advanced him rapidly, and gave him before he was eighteen years of age the most responsible position in his store. But James had learned something more from his employer than how to do business well. He had learned to be dishonest—that is the word. He had never forgotten the first lesson he received in this bad science; and he had acted upon it not only in two instances, but in a hundred, and almost always to the injury of Mr. Carman. He had long since given up waiting for mistakes to be made in his favor, but originated them in the varied and complicated transactions of a large business in which he was trusted implicitly; for, strangely enough, it had never for an instant occurred to Mr. Carman that his failure to be just to the letter in dealing might prove a snare to this young man.

James grew sharp, cunning, and skillful; always on the alert; always bright; always prompt to meet any approaches toward a discovery of his wrong-dealing toward his employer, who held him in the highest regard.

Thus it went on until James Lewis was in his twentieth year, when the merchant had his suspicions aroused by a letter that spoke of the young man as not keeping the most respectable company, and as spending money too freely for a clerk on a moderate salary. Before this time James had removed his mother into a pleasant house, for which he paid a rent of four hundred dollars. His salary was eight hundred dollars; but he deceived his mother by telling her that he received fifteen hundred. Every comfort that she needed was fully supplied, and she was beginning to feel that after a long and often painful struggle with the world her happier days had come.

James was at his desk when the letter just referred to was received by Mr. Carman. Guilt is always on the alert, and suspicious of every movement that may involve betrayal or exposure. He looked stealthily at his employer as he opened the letter, and observed him change countenance suddenly. He read it over twice, and James saw that the contents, whatever they were, produced disturbance. While he was yet observing him, Mr. Carman glanced toward his desk, and their eyes met; it was only for a moment, but the look James received made his heart stop beating.

There was something about the movements of Mr. Carman for the rest of this day that troubled the young man. It was plain to him that suspicion had been aroused by that letter. Oh, how bitterly now did he repent, in dread of discovery and punishment, the evil of which he had been guilty! Exposure would disgrace and ruin him, and bow the head of his mother, it might be, even to the grave.

"You are not well this evening," said Mrs. Lewis, as she looked at her son's changed face across the tea-table, and noticed that he did not eat.

"My head aches," he replied, as he turned partly away from his mother's direct gaze.

"Perhaps the tea will make you feel better."

"I'll lie down on the sofa in the parlor for a short time," said the young man, rising from the table. "A little quiet may give relief." And he went from the dining-room.

Mrs. Lewis followed him into the parlor in a little while, and sitting down by the sofa on which he was lying placed her hand upon his head. Ah, it would take more than the loving pressure of a mother's hand to ease the pain from which he was suffering. The touch of that pure hand increased the pain to agony.

"Do you feel better?" asked Mrs. Lewis, after she had remained for some time with her hand on his forehead.

"Not much," he replied; and rising as he spoke, he added, "I think a walk in the open air will do me good."

"Don't go out, James," said Mrs. Lewis, a troubled feeling coming into her heart.

"I'll only walk a few squares." And James went from the parlor, and, taking up his hat, passed into the street without another word.

"There's something more than headache the matter with him," was the thought of Mrs. Lewis, and the slight feeling of trouble she had experienced began deepening into a strange concern that involved a dread of coming evil.

For half an hour James walked without any purpose in his mind beyond escape from the presence of his mother. Every phase of Mr. Carman's manner toward him after the receipt of that letter was reviewed and dwelt on, in order if possible to determine whether suspicion of wrong-dealing was entertained. At last his aimless walk brought him into the neighborhood of Mr. Carman's store, and in passing he was surprised at seeing a light within.

"What can this mean?" he asked himself, a new fear creeping, with its shuddering impulses, into his heart.

He went near and listened by the door and windows, but could hear no sound within.

"There's something wrong," he said. "What can it be? If this thing is discovered, what will be the end of it? Ruin! ruin! My poor mother!"

The wretched young man passed on, and walked the streets for two hours, when he returned home. His mother met him as he entered, and inquired, with unconcealed anxiety, if he were better. He said Yes, but with a manner that only increased the trouble she felt, and passed up hastily to his own room.

In the morning the strangely-altered face of James, as he met his mother at the breakfast table, struck alarm into her heart. He was silent, and evaded all her questions. While they still sat at the table the door-bell rung loudly. The sound startled James, and he turned his ear to listen in a nervous way, which did not escape the observation of his mother.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Lewis, as the servant came back from the door.

"A gentleman wishes to see Mr. James," replied the girl.

James arose instantly, and went out into the hall, shutting the dining-room door as he did so. Mrs. Lewis sat, in almost breathless expectation, awaiting her son's return. She heard him coming back in a few moments; but he did not enter the dining-room. Then he returned along the hall to the street door, and she heard it shut. All was now silent. Starting up, she ran out into the passage, but James was not there. He had gone away with the person who had called, and without a word!

Ah, that was a sad going away! Mr. Carman had spent half the night in examining the accounts of James, and discovered frauds to the amount of over six thousand dollars. Blindly indignant, he had sent an officer to arrest him early in the morning; and it was with this officer that the unhappy boy went away from the home of his mother, never again to return.

"The young villain shall lie in the bed he has made for himself!" exclaimed Mr. Carman, in his bitter indignation. And he did not hold back in any thing, but made the exposure of the young man's crime complete. On the trial he showed an eager desire to have him convicted, and presented such an array of evidence that the jury could not give any other verdict than "Guilty."

The poor mother was in court, and audible, in the silence that followed, came her convulsed sobs upon the air. The presiding judge then addressed the culprit, and asked if he had any thing to say why sentence of the law should not be pronounced against him. All eyes were turned upon the pale, agitated young man, who arose with an effort, and leaned against the railing by which he stood, as if needing the support.

"Will it please your honors," he said, "to direct Mr. Carman, my prosecutor, to come a little nearer, so that I can look at him and your honors at the same time?"

Mr. Carman was directed to come forward to where the boy stood. There was a breathless silence in the court-room as the prosecutor obeyed the order, and came forward so as to be in the eyes of all. James looked at him steadily for a few moments, and then turned to the judges.

"What I have to say, your honors, is this"—he spoke calmly and distinctly—"and it may, in a degree, extenuate, though it can not excuse, my crime. I went into that man's store an innocent boy; and if he had been an honest man I would not have stood before you to-day as a criminal."

Mr. Carman interrupted the young man, and appealed to the court for protection against allegations of such an outrageous character; but he was peremptorily ordered to be silent. James went on in a firm voice.

"Only a few weeks after I went into his employment I examined a bill by his direction, and discovered an error of twenty dollars."

The face of Mr. Carman crimsoned instantly.

"You remember it, I see," remarked James; "and I shall have cause to remember it while I live. The error was in favor of Mr. Carman, and I asked if I should correct the figures, and he answered, 'No; let them correct their own mistakes. We don't examine bills for other people's benefit.' It was my first lesson in dishonesty, and I never forgot the words. I saw the bill settled, and Mr. Carman take twenty dollars that were not his own. I felt shocked at first; it seemed such a wrong thing. But, soon after, he called me a simpleton for handing back to the teller of a bank fifty dollars overpaid on a check; and then—"

"May I ask the protection of the Court?" said Mr. Carman, appealing to the judges.

"Is it true what the lad says?" asked the presiding judge.

Mr. Carman hesitated, and looked confused. All eyes were on his face; and judges, jury, lawyers, and spectators felt certain that he was guilty of leading the unhappy young man astray.

"Not long afterward," resumed young Lewis, "in receiving my wages, I found that Mr. Carman had paid me fifty cents too much. I was about giving it back to him when I remembered his remark about letting people correct their own mistakes, and said to myself, 'Let him correct his own errors,' and dishonestly kept the money. Again the same thing happened, and again I kept the money that did not, of right, belong to me. This was the beginning of evil, and here I am! Mr. Carman has shown an eagerness to convict and have me punished, as the court has seen. If he had shown me any mercy I might have kept silent. But now I interpose the truth, and may it incline you to show some consideration for the unhappiest being that is alive to-day."

The young man covered his face with his hands, and sat down overpowered by his feelings. His mother, who was near him, sobbed out aloud, and bending over, laid her hands on his head, saying,

"My poor boy! My poor boy!"

There were few eyes in the court-room undimmed. In the silence that followed Mr. Carman spoke out:

"Is my character to be thus blasted on the word of a criminal, your honors? Is this right? Is this just? Is this the protection a citizen finds in the court-room?"

"Your solemn oath that this charge is untrue," said the judge, "will place you all right. It was the unhappy boy's only opportunity, and the Court felt bound, in humanity, to hear what he wished to say."

James Lewis stood up again instantly, and turned his white face and dark piercing eyes upon Mr. Carman:

"Let him take that oath if he dare!" he exclaimed.

The counsel for the prosecution now interfered, and called the proceeding an outrage on all justice, and unheard of before in a court-room. But the judge commanded order, and then said to Mr. Carman:

"The Court offers you the only way of reparation in its power. Your oath will scatter the allegation of a criminal to the winds. Will you swear?"

Mr. Carman turned with a distressed look toward his counsel, while James kept his eyes fixed upon him. There was a brief conference, and the lawyer said,

"The proceeding is irregular, and I have advised my client to make no response. At the same time he protests against all this as an outrage upon the rights of a citizen."

The judges bowed, and Mr. Carman withdrew. After a brief conference with his associates, the presiding judge said, addressing the criminal,

"In consideration of your youth, and the temptation to which, in tender years, you were unhappily subjected, the Court gives you its lightest sentence, one year's imprisonment. At the same time, in pronouncing this sentence, let me solemnly warn you against any further steps in the way you have taken. Crime can have no valid excuse. It is evil in the sight of God and man, and leads only to suffering. When you come forth again, after your brief incarceration, may it be with the resolution to die rather than commit a crime!"

And the curtain fell on that sad scene in the boy's life. When it lifted again, and he came forth from prison a year afterward, his mother was dead. From the day her pale face faded from his vision as he passed from the court-room he never looked upon her again.

Ten years afterward a man sat reading a newspaper in a Far Western town. He had a calm, serious face, and looked like one who had known suffering and trial.

"Brought to justice at last!" he said to himself, as the blood came into his face. "Convicted on the charge of fraudulent insolvency, and sent to the State's Prison! So much for the man who gave me in tender years the first lesson in wrong-doing! Too well, alas! did I remember his words. But, thank God, other words have been since remembered. 'When you come forth again,' said the judge, 'may it be with the resolution to die rather than commit a crime!' and I have kept this injunction in my heart when there seemed no way of escape except through crime; and, God helping me, I will keep it to the end."

TENANTS AT NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

It was number twenty-seven of a quiet London street, the name of which it is needless to specify here. It had stood empty for a considerable time, and such of the neighbors as were of a speculative turn of mind had begun to wonder among themselves how much longer it would remain without a tenant; when one chill, misty autumn morning, shortly after daybreak, a cab drove up to the empty house, from which alighted a tall, gaunt, middle-aged gentleman, of soldier-like aspect, attired in a foraging cap and a long gray military cloak; whose face was half concealed by a thick tangle of beard and mustache, once black, but now becoming wintry with age. Beneath the shaggy gloom of his eyebrows burned a strange, restless, fitful fire; and when he removed his cap for a moment, and the whole of his worn and rugged face became visible, the deep tracks and furrows left by care or sickness—perhaps by both—came prominently into view. He held in one hand a small, leather-bound box, on the top of which was a tiny brass plate, with "Captain Luard" engraved thereon.

Having satisfied himself that no one was a witness of his arrival, Captain Luard turned round, and assisted a tall, slender young lady to alight, evidently his daughter, from the likeness which, in spite of the difference in sex and age, existed between them; who was followed out of the cab by a tall, raw-boned female of severe aspect, dressed in faded black bombazine. Captain Luard, accompanied by his daughter, ascended the steps, unlocked the door, and entered the house. The female in black, whom the Captain addressed by the name of Parish, having paid the driver, at once followed her master; and the door was immediately closed, double locked, and bolted.

They passed on from one room to another, slowly, and without speaking; for there is something solemn in a large and empty house, especially if seen in the twilight of morning or evening. It was chill and damp outside; but within the walls seemed as though they held prisoner the cold,

moist atmosphere of a grave-yard, nipping the very marrow of those who entered, waking prolonged and hollow echoes of their footsteps, and making the loudness of ordinary conversation seem a profanation of the dim solitude.

"Surely a large house, papa?" whispered the young lady, when they had seen most of the rooms. "Would not a smaller one have satisfied our wants? Our furniture will not fill half of these large rooms."

"Not too large for the heiress to the Pinchbeck estates," said the Captain, with an extensive sweep of the arm and curl of his gray mustache. "Besides, Carry, I never could bear to live in those pottering little holes where common people contrive somehow or other to exist. Spacious and lofty rooms are one of the necessities of life to a gentleman. And then again, you know," he added, mysteriously, laying his hand on her arm, "they will never think of looking for me here. That's the grand point—to throw them off the track till I've had time to complete my case and set them at defiance. For they will shrink from nothing—no, no!—nothing, nothing! Not even my life will be safe from them if they discover my retreat!"

His sallow cheeks flushed as he spoke, and a wild will-o'-the-wisp fire burned in his eyes. He turned and left the room, and tramped heavily up the sounding stairs, still carrying the leather-bound box, till he reached a small room at the very top of the house. Opening a little closet which was built in the wall, he placed the box within it, and having locked the door, proceeded to survey the rest of the rooms up stairs.

The furniture arrived in the course of the morning. Captain Luard was restless and uneasy till it was all properly fixed, and the men who brought it had departed. Seated on a large box, he then proceeded to give his instructions to his little household.

"You are both of you aware," he began, very gravely, "for what reason I have taken this house. It will continue to present from the street the appearance of being empty and to let. The shutters of the lower front rooms will remain closed; and the upper rooms will remain, as they are now, empty. You, Parish, will take up your quarters in the basement kitchen; you, Carry, in the room to the back immediately over it; while one of the small rooms up stairs will serve me for a study. Once every evening, Parish, after dark, you will be allowed to go out for the purpose of buying the needful supply of provisions, at which times I will let you out and in myself, and will teach you how to knock so that I may recognize you. Oh! if we can only succeed in remaining concealed for a short time, all will go well. Time is all I want. A few short weeks—perhaps even a few short days—and every thing will be clear, and I shall triumph. The other day (was it the other day, though? I almost forget) I had the whole case clearly mapped out in my head; but some one interrupted me, and it all slipped from me in a moment. But it must be found again; for it lies there—there, in my little box—waiting for me. To-morrow I shall begin."

The Captain kept his room for the remainder of the day, except when he came down stairs to let Parish out, and again to admit her when she returned with provisions. He retired to bed at an early hour, after seeing that all the doors and windows were carefully secured. Carry sat up for a short time after, keeping Parish company, for she did not care to sit alone after dark in that gloomy room up stairs. At length she, too, retired, and Parish was left alone. That exemplary female continued for some time her occupation of darning the Captain's socks, till catching herself nodding over her work, she took off her spectacles and put it away.

"A grewsome, ghostly house this," she muttered, gently rubbing her elbows, and staring at the fire; "far too big for our little family, and I don't feel half comfortable in it. Why couldn't the Captain take a cottage in the country? But that was always the way with him—big ideas and ways, and little money to keep them up with. And now his poor wits are going wool-gathering worse and worse every day. As for his chance of getting the Pinchbeck estates, I wouldn't give tuppence for all the papers he has in his box. A grewsome lonely place, indeed; I declare I'm a'most afraid to go up stairs to bed."

Before going up stairs she thought she would take another glance round the area, and see that the door of the coal-hole was properly secured; so, unfastening the door with as little noise as possible, she stepped out into the darkness, leaving the candle burning on the table inside. But hardly had she crossed the threshold when a hollow voice whispered suddenly:

"Jane Parish!"

It was all she could do to keep from screaming as she stepped back into the house and bolted the door. A momentary glance had revealed to her a dark figure standing with folded arms, looking down at her over the area railings. Her heart was still panting with the fright, when she was again startled by hearing herself called a second time.

"Who are you?" asked Parish through the key-hole, grasping the poker in one hand. "You are not known here. We are strangers, and know nobody. If you stay here another minute I'll call the police."

"Cruel fair one!" replied the voice outside. "Know that I am desperately in love with you. Oh, relieve my suspense, and say that you will be mine!"

Parish's brow grew dark, and her eyes flashed as she listened to these audacious words.

"Begone, Sir, or it will be worse for you! You are not known here!" she exclaimed, in great wrath.

Send me not away with such cruel words," replied the stranger, "or I shall do some desperate deed that you will read of in the penny papers."

"Who are you, Sir?—who are you? What's your name?" screamed the irate Parish.

"My name is Proggins. I am a young man, and have a little money in the bank."

"You scamp!" said Parish, shaking the poker as though he could see her through the door. "Begone this instant, or I will call my master, and I warn you he'll shoot you like a dog!"

A low, peculiar laugh was the only reply, but Parish recognized it in an instant, and flung the door open the moment she heard it.

"Mr. Henry Welford, Sir, for shame!" she cried. "I think you might have found some other way of letting us know of your return, without frightening an old woman like me."

"Parish, old girl, don't be angry with me," exclaimed a tall, sunburned young man, springing nimbly over the railings, and then jumping down and grasping the housekeeper's hand.

"It was not kind of you, Harry. But you never did things like any body else."

"Nonsense, old friend. I meant no harm, I assure you. In fact, you ought to feel highly gratified, for when you next write home to your friends you may say with truth that you have had an advantageous offer of marriage, but that you didn't choose to accept it. And now tell me how the Captain and Carry both are. I have heard no news of them for an age."

"Before I answer your question," said Parish, "tell me how you found us out. The Captain thinks we are concealed from all the world."

"Oh, that's a very simple matter," replied Welford. "On landing from the vessel I found a note from Captain Luard, dated only two days ago, informing me of his change of residence. I set off as soon as I could, found the street and the house, but seeing no light in any of the windows, was afraid of disturbing you, and was just about to retire when you opened the area door."

"And you have been away three years?" said Parish, interrogatively.

"Three years and nine days. But tell me how Carry and the Captain are."

Parish shook her head sadly; and, while she set about preparing him some coffee, opened to him a full budget of news concerning the family; how poor they were; how the Captain's property had dwindled away in law expenses incurred in contesting a hopeless suit, till but a mere trifle of it remained; of the Captain's present infatuation; and of the gloomy prospect before them. They sat up talking far into the night; after which Parish prepared a shakedown for Harry before the kitchen fire, and then bade him good-night.

Welford's presence there was a glad surprise next morning both to Carry and her father, for he was dear to both. He was the son of Captain Luard's oldest friend; and when that friend died, a poor man, the Captain took the lad home, educated him, and, when he was old enough, in accordance with Harry's own wish, obtained for him a situation with an eminent mercantile firm abroad. Carry and he had grown up together like brother and sister; and when the time came for them to part, although they entered into no engagement, they separated without fear, confident that neither of them would forget the other. It seemed an understood thing in the family that they two should marry as soon as the proper time should come; and though the Captain had never said a word to countenance such a scheme, he could hardly have been blind to the facts; and the two people most concerned in the matter never had a doubt as to the result.

Carry and Welford went out after breakfast for a walk, and a very interesting one, doubtless, it proved, they having been so long separated, and having so much to tell one another. Harry's love, hitherto unspoken, now found winged words; and he determined to take an early opportunity of speaking to the Captain on the subject of his marriage.

Captain Luard invited Welford up into his study after dinner.

"Only a poor place this to receive you in, Harry, my boy," he said; "but the next time you come, I hope we shall have a better: in fact, there is no doubt of it. These are the papers that you see spread over the table. I am going through them myself. There is only one little point to lay hold of—the hidden spring, as I may term it, of the machine; and then the whole affair will be as clear as daylight, and equity can not refuse to find a verdict in our favor; in fact, you may consider the whole matter as settled. Of course it will make a great change in Carry's prospects, as she will then be heiress to about £15,000 a year; and I think I am not going too far in saying that she will then be one of the most eligible young ladies in England; in fact, between ourselves, I intend her to marry into the aristocracy. But remember, Harry, my boy, wherever my home is, there is yours also. I hope then to have influence to get you some snug little thing under Government, far better than the miserable affair you are at now. Oh, never fear that I shall forget your interests!"

Here was an end to all Harry's brilliant visions, for the Captain spoke with such seeming authority—with so much pretension and earnestness—that the young man could hardly believe that such vast expectations had no foundation in fact. Anyway, it would not do for him to stay there any longer, stealing away the heart of his benefactor's daughter. Let the cost and pain be what they might, he must go at once. He was constrained and silent for the remainder of the day; and though Carry perceived the change in his demeanor, she was at a loss to account for it. He parted from her that night with a tenderness which he tried in vain to conceal; but next morning, when they all expected him there to breakfast, they found a note on the table, addressed to Captain Luard, in which Welford stated that sudden business had called him away to Liverpool, and that several weeks would probably elapse before his return. Carry felt hurt and grieved that he should go away so suddenly, without a parting word to her, but was too proud to show how deeply her feelings were wounded. Parish was out of temper all that day, and kept muttering under her breath something about the lad being a fool, and not knowing when he was well off.

Dull November passed away, and the last month of the year was come, when one evening Captain Luard startled his daughter and Parish by bursting into the room where they were sitting—a wild flame of excitement burning in his eyes.

"I've seen him!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper. "I knew he would find me out wherever I might be! Something bade me go into the front room and look out of the window; and I saw him standing under the lamp-post, looking up at the house. There is no more peace for us here."

"What man is it, papa?"

"The man with the green studs."

"But you may have been mistaken, papa. How could you distinguish his studs from the place where you were standing?"

"Mistaken, girl! A man is never mistaken in the person of his bitterest enemy. What nonsense you talk! I tell you that I saw him—nay, he is probably there still. Come, let us go and look; but be careful that his sharp eyes do not find you out. Allons!"

They followed him up stairs, trembling a little, and hardly knowing what to think. He led them into one of the front rooms, which was faintly lighted up by a lamp on the opposite side of the street.

"Behold him!" he whispered, seizing Carry by the shoulders. "See, he is leaning with folded arms against the lamp-post. His green studs shine in the dark like serpents' eyes."

There was no one there.

Next morning Captain Luard was so ill as to be unable to rise. The doctor who was called in merely shook his head when Parish took him on one side to ask his opinion, and said, "Wait a while; I can not pronounce at present."

Day after day passed without much visible change in the Captain's condition. He remained too weak to rise, and lay there—a feeble wreck of a man—heedless, for the most part, of what was passing around; buried in his own sad reflections, and perhaps discerning dimly the dark issue whither he was tending. Still the old idea never left him—that some mysterious foe was endeavoring to track him out in his retreat; and it was a source of much anxiety to him that he could no longer look after the proper security of the house, and see that no strangers were, on any account, allowed to set foot across the threshold.

What, then, would have been his surprise and anger had he seen Parish enter the house, as she did one evening, accompanied by a woman whom she had apparently picked up in the street; who followed her down the steps into the basement story, stepping lightly in the echo of the housekeeper's resonant footfall!

Parish struck a light, and then turned round and confronted her companion with a stern, searching gaze, as though asking her by what right she had intruded there.

She was a woman who, years before, had probably been fair enough to look upon; and a faint shadow of the beauty of former times still clung to her. But whatever of sweet bloom and culture her life might once have shown was now choked up, overgrown, and all but lost to view, beneath the coarse growth of after-years—years of despair, and hopeless misery, and disbelief in her better self.

"Thus, then, we meet again," said Parish, in a low, stern, concentrated voice.

"Thus again," replied the woman, "after seventeen weary years."

"It should have been seventeen more before we met. Why have you sought me?"

"Not to ask your pity; nor to make any claim on the forgiveness which you, perhaps, think yourself entitled to dispense. I come to see *him*."

"Madness! What is he to you, or you to him? Nothing—less than nothing—less than if he had never seen you!"

"So you think, so you preach, as ignorance ever preaches till suffering brings knowledge. Nothing to me! O Heaven! can I ever forget that he once called me his wife; that his lips kissed me; that his arms sheltered me; that his child called me mother; that he lived but to make me happy! Nothing to me!"

"You forget," said the stern, unmoved housekeeper, "that when you left his house of your own accord—that when in one day he lost both his wife and his friend—that wife and that friend became, in point of fact, dead to him forever; as dead as if the green sod had been laid over them both; that he wore mourning for them as if such had been the case; and that for him there are no such persons as Emily Luard and Richard Marfleet in existence."

"I forget nothing. I know every thing you would say—all the reproaches you would heap upon me, and how your wrath has been gathering strength through long years. What then? I know things that you can never know; that if he has suffered, I have suffered too—oh! how bitterly! that if I wrecked his happiness, I wrecked my own also. I make no claim on that score, either on your compassion or on his. What would it avail me if he were to forgive me the great wrong I did him? If he were to pardon me a thousand times, I could never pardon myself; and there lies the sting. But let that pass. I came neither to talk about myself, nor to exchange idle words with you. The man whom I once called my husband lies ill, perhaps dying, up stairs; and him once more I am determined to see."

"You can not—he would not receive you."

"I do not want him to receive me. All I want is, to see him again, even though he be asleep."

Parish considered for a moment.

"Wait here," she said, "while I go up stairs and see how he is."

The woman bowed her head, and Parish took the candle and went up stairs. In a minute or two she returned.

"Come," she said; and the woman flitted up stairs, behind her, noiseless as a shadow.

"He is asleep," whispered Parish, when they reached the door of Captain Luard's room. "Remember that you look only, and do not speak. I would not for the world that he should awake and find you here."

"Fear not," replied the stranger. "Let me but see him, and I shall go on my way content."

Parish opened the door gently, and holding the candle aloft with one hand, shaded it with the other, so that the light should not fall too strongly on the sleeper's eyes. He lay there calmly enough, one arm thrown over the coverlet, and the other coiled beneath his head, his thin and care-worn face looking more wan and ghastly still from its setting of beard and mustache.

"What a change! What a change!" muttered the woman. "Lost to me forever!" It was all that she could say.

"Enough," said Parish, at length, turning to leave the room. But before she was aware, the woman had glided from her side, and, stooping over the sick man, had imprinted a light kiss on his lips. Light as it was, it was sufficient to break his feverish slumber; and he called out, feebly,

"Parish, is that you? You should not have disturbed me. Give me something to drink."

Parish was too angry at what she had just seen to venture a reply, and gave her master a drink without speaking. At that moment Caroline, who had been out to purchase some little delicacy for her father, entered the house. The woman had disappeared from the room, and Parish was in an agony of fear lest Caroline should encounter her on the stairs. No such meeting, however, took place; for Carry entered the room as quietly as usual, and sat down by her father's side.

The Captain again disposed himself for sleep; so, leaving Caroline at her post, Parish hastened down to see what had become of her strange guest.

She found her kneeling on the rug before the kitchen fire, her arms pressed tightly across her chest, rocking herself to and fro. She neither spoke nor wept, but as Parish looked down on her, there was such a hard, dry, rigid agony cut with such ineffaceable lines into her face, that the words of reproach with which the housekeeper had come armed died away on her lips as she gazed. At length the woman roused herself like one trying to shake off an overwhelming dream; and stood up before the housekeeper terrible in her misery.

"I crouched into a dark corner," she began, in a slow, measured voice, very different from her former vehement tone; "and she, my daughter, passed me, and knew not that I was there. Her dress brushed across my face, and I kissed it as it passed; and for one brief moment the soft perfume of her presence was about me; and this is all of her that I may know. Sad, is it not? And yet she is my own—people may say what they will, but she is my own Carry, my own daughter. She used to call me 'mamma,' and go to sleep on my breast; and now I may neither touch her, nor kiss her, not even speak to her. Sad again, is it not? Oh yes, I know all about its being my own fault; but is that any comfort to me? Don't be alarmed. I am not going to intrude myself before her and shut out the happiness of her life. I have a touch of my old pride yet. But I want you to feel how sad it is that I may not speak to my own darling. It has come into my head, Jane Parish, that there is one thing you can do for me—one little kindness you can do to a poor wretched woman, once your mistress, now a beggar before you. Procure me a lock of my darling's hair. Will you?"

"I will; you may trust me."

"Then let me go; my business here is done. I will meet you to-morrow evening in the street; and after that you shall see me no more. I dare not come here again. If I did, I should drown myself afterward; and I am not fit to die."

Parish opened the door.

"Dear ones, farewell!" murmured the unhappy woman; and passing out was lost to view.

Captain Luard lingered on for some time after this, apparently neither better nor worse than before; but one morning, when Parish entered his room, she found that a dread visitor had been there in the night, and that in silence and darkness her master had departed with him.

When the first burst of grief was over, and the necessity of immediate action made itself felt, Parish telegraphed for Welford, who was not long in answering the summons; and all the onerous duties which must be performed at such a time he took upon himself. The events of the next few days need not be dwelt on here. It was finally arranged that Caroline, accompanied by Parish, should go and reside with a maiden aunt in Derbyshire. From the wreck of the Captain's property was saved sufficient to enable them both to live in modest independence.

Whatever fleeting clouds had at one time interposed between Caroline and Welford had now vanished forever. They could not speak of love at such a season, but they understood each other without words.

On the afternoon of the last day of the year, they set off, arm in arm, to pay a last visit to the cemetery where all that remained of Captain Luard now lay; for Carry was to leave London on the following morning. The sky was overcast when they set out, and the weather bitterly cold. A few premonitory flakes of snow fell at intervals, forerunners of what the night would bring. They passed slowly into the field of the dead, took their last look in silence, and then turned to depart.

A short distance from the path stood a woman, faded and miserable-looking, whose eyes were fixed earnestly on them as they drew near. Instinctively Welford slipped a coin out of his pocket and offered it to the woman; but she drew back with a slight wave of the hand. Welford colored up.

"TIME IS ALL I WANT."

"I ask your pardon for the mistake," said he.

The woman did not reply, but drew her shawl more closely round her; and Caroline, looking back at the turn of the walk, saw her still standing there, with her eyes fixed earnestly on them. She did not stir till they were out of sight, and then she approached the grave they had just left, but with a more importunate grief than theirs—a grief that heeded neither darkness nor storm.

Meanwhile Caroline and Welford passed slowly on through the lighted streets of the great city; sorrowful, indeed, and mourning for their loss; but in their hearts young love sat brooding with folded wings, and all the future lay golden before them.

THE ENCAMPMENT AT ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA.

WE present our readers with a view of the encampment of the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, South Carolina. The point chosen was in the village of Orangeburg, about eighty miles from the city. This village is known as one of the most beautiful in the State. The residences are spacious, and the lots vary in size from four to twelve acres. The shade trees form a striking feature, and add much to the attractions of the place. In one of the most beautiful of these grounds the Infantry made their camp. As will be seen by a glance at the picture, the immense shade trees and luxuriant shrubbery cause the tents to appear quite small; the opening through the centre of the encampment is the main avenue—thirty feet wide—which leads to the family mansion. At the entrance of it stands the "guard tent," and near the house the "marquee" for the officers. On either side are the tents, arranged in the order of a battalion encampment, in all twenty-four—twelve on the right, and twelve on the left of the main street. The tents are arranged in rows of six each, which face each other on streets of convenient width.

The company carried with them the "Eutaw flag," the only standard of the Revolution which is known to exist in the State, and which was given to the corps by the widow of Col. William Washington.

The Washington Light Infantry was organized in 1807, during the excitement growing out of the "*Leopard* and *Chesapeake* affair," and is known as "the banner corps of South Carolina." It is at present commanded by Captain Charles H. Simonton, a prominent lawyer of the city.

IN THE GRAVE-YARD.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

IV.

No circumstance of the slightest importance happened on my way to the offices of Messrs. Gilmore and Kyrle, in Chancery Lane.

While my card was being taken in to Mr. Kyrle, a consideration occurred to me which I deeply regretted not having thought of before. The information derived from Marian's diary made it a matter of certainty that Count Fosco had opened her first letter from Blackwater Park to Mr. Kyrle, and had, by means of his wife, intercepted the second. He was, therefore, well aware of the address of the office, and he would naturally infer that if Marian wanted advice and assistance after Laura's escape from the Asylum she would apply once more to the experience of Mr. Kyrle. In this case, the office in Chancery Lane was the very first place which he and Sir Percival would cause to be watched; and if the same persons were chosen for the purpose who had been employed to follow me before my departure from England, the fact of my return would, in all probability, be ascertained on that very day. I had thought, generally, of the chances of my being recognized in the streets; but the special risk connected with the office had never occurred to me until the present moment. It was too late now to repair this unfortunate error in judgment—too late to wish that I had made arrangements for meeting the lawyer in some place privately appointed beforehand. I could only resolve to be cautious on leaving Chancery Lane, and not to go straight home again under any circumstances whatever.

After waiting a few minutes, I was shown into Mr. Kyrle's private room. He was a pale, thin, quiet, self-possessed man, with a very attentive eye, a very low voice, and a very undemonstrative manner; not (as I judged) ready with his sympathy where strangers were concerned, and not at all easy to disturb in his professional composure. A better man for my purpose could hardly have been found. If he committed himself to a decision at all, and if the decision was favorable, the strength of our case was as good as proved from that moment.

"Before I enter on the business which brings me here," I said, "I ought to warn you, Mr. Kyrle, that the shortest statement I can make of it may occupy some little time."

"My time is at Miss Halcombe's disposal," he replied. "Where any interests of hers are concerned, I represent my partner personally as well as professionally. It was his request that I should do so when he ceased to take an active part in business."

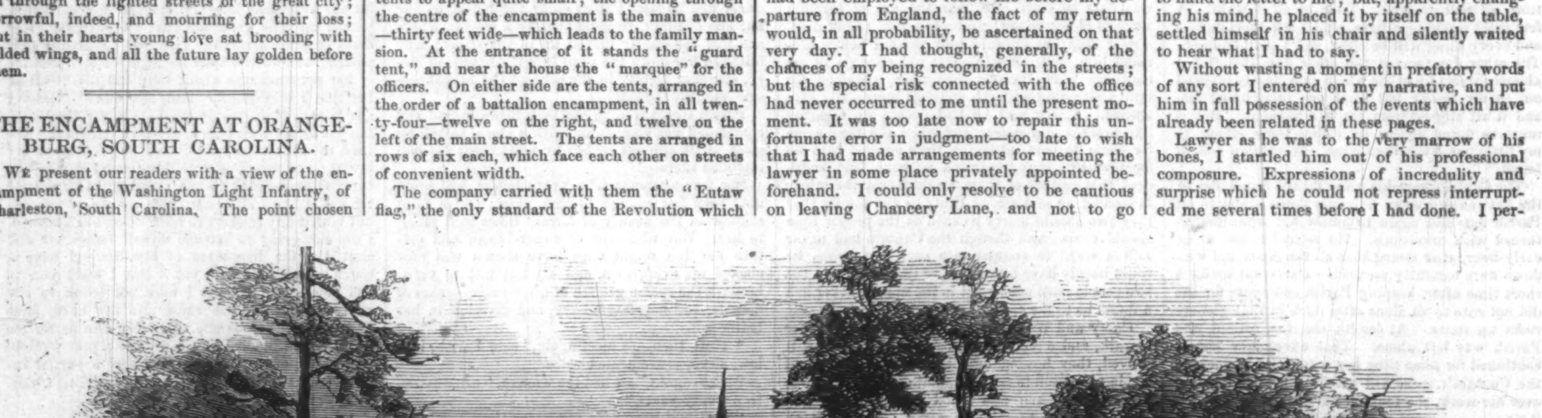
"May I inquire whether Mr. Gilmore is in England?"

"He is not: he is living with his relatives in Germany. His health has improved, but the period of his return is still uncertain."

While we were exchanging these few preliminary words he had been searching among the papers before him, and he now produced from them a sealed letter. I thought he was about to hand the letter to me; but, apparently changing his mind, he placed it by itself on the table, settled himself in his chair and silently waited to hear what I had to say.

Without wasting a moment in prefatory words of any sort I entered on my narrative, and put him in full possession of the events which have already been related in these pages.

Lawyer as he was to the very marrow of his bones, I startled him out of his professional composure. Expressions of incredulity and surprise which he could not repress interrupted me several times before I had done. I per-



ENCAMPMENT OF THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY, OF CHARLESTON, S. C., AT ORANGEBURG.

severed, however, to the end, and as soon as I reached it, boldly asked the one important question,

"What is your opinion, Mr. Kyrle?"

He was too cautious to commit himself to an answer without taking time to recover his self-possession first.

"Before I give my opinion," he said, "I must beg permission to clear the ground by a few questions."

He put the questions—sharp, suspicious, unbelieving questions, which clearly showed me, as they proceeded, that he thought I was the victim of a delusion; and that he might even have doubted, but for my introduction to him by Miss Halcombe, whether I was not attempting the perpetration of a cunningly-designed fraud.

"Do you believe that I have spoken the truth, Mr. Kyrle?" I asked, when he had done examining me.

"So far as your own convictions are concerned I am certain you have spoken the truth," he replied. "I have the highest esteem for Miss Halcombe, and I have therefore every reason to respect a gentleman whose mediation she trusts in a matter of this kind. I will even go farther, if you like, and admit, for courtesy's sake and for argument's sake, that the identity of Lady Glyde, as a living person, is a proved fact to Miss Halcombe and yourself. But you come to me for a legal opinion. As a lawyer, and as a lawyer only, it is my duty to tell you, Mr. Hartright, that you have not the shadow of a case."

"You put it strongly, Mr. Kyrle."

"I will try to put it plainly as well. The evidence of Lady Glyde's death is, on the face of it, clear and satisfactory. There is her aunt's testimony to prove that she came to Count Fosco's house, that she fell ill, and that she died. There is the testimony of the medical certificate to prove the death, and to show that it took place under natural circumstances. There is the fact of the funeral at Limmeridge, and there is the assertion of the inscription on the tomb. That is the case you want to overthrow. What evidence have you to support the declaration on your side that the person who died and was buried was not Lady Glyde? Let us run through the main points of your statement and see what they are worth. Miss Halcombe goes to a certain private Asylum, and there sees a certain female patient. It is known that a woman named Anne Catherick, and bearing an extraordinary personal resemblance to Lady Glyde, escaped from the Asylum; it is known that the person received there last July was received as Anne Catherick brought back; it is known that the gentleman who brought her back warned Mr. Fairlie that it was part of her insanity to be bent on personating his dead niece; and it is known that she did repeatedly declare herself, in the Asylum (where no one believed her), to be Lady Glyde. These are all facts. What have you to set against them? Miss Halcombe's recognition of the woman, which recognition after-events invalidate or contradict. Does Miss Halcombe assert her supposed sister's identity to the owner of the Asylum, and take legal means for rescuing her? No: she secretly bribes a nurse to let her escape. When the patient has been released in this doubtful manner, and is taken to Mr. Fairlie, does he recognize her? is he staggered for one instant in his belief of his niece's death? No. Do the servants recognize her? No. Is she kept in the neighborhood to assert her own identity, and to stand the test of further proceedings? No: she is privately taken to London. In the mean time, you have recognized her also—but you are not a relative; you are not even an old friend of the family. The servants contradict you; and Mr. Fairlie contradicts Miss Halcombe; and the supposed Lady Glyde contradicts herself. She declares she passed the night in London at a certain house. Your own evidence shows that she has never been near that house; and your own admission is, that her condition of mind prevents you from producing her any where to submit to investigation, and to speak for herself. I pass over minor points of evidence, on both sides, to save time; and I ask you, if this case were to go now into a court of law—to go before a jury, bound to take facts as they reasonably appear—where are your proofs?"

I was obliged to wait and collect myself before I could answer him. It was the first time the story of Laura and the story of Marian had been presented to me from a stranger's point of view—the first time the terrible obstacles that lay across our path had been made to show themselves in their true character.

"There can be no doubt," I said, "that the facts, as you have stated them, appear to tell against us; but—"

"But you think those facts can be explained away," interposed Mr. Kyrle. "Let me tell you the result of my experience on that point. When an English jury has to choose between a plain fact, *on* the surface, and a long explanation *under* the surface, it always takes the fact in preference to the explanation. For example, Lady Glyde (I call the lady you represent by that name for argument's sake) declares she has slept at a certain house, and it is proved that she has not slept at that house. You explain this circumstance by entering into the state of her mind, and deducing from it a metaphysical conclusion. I don't say the conclusion is wrong—I only say that the jury will take the fact of her contradicting herself in preference to any reason for the contradiction that you can offer."

"But is it not possible," I urged, "by dint of patience and exertion, to discover additional evidence? Miss Halcombe and I have a few hundred pounds—"

He looked at me with a half-suppressed pity, and shook his head.

"Consider the subject, Mr. Hartright, from your own point of view," he said. "If you are right about Sir Percival Glyde and Count Fosco (which I don't admit, mind), every imaginable difficulty would be thrown in the way of your getting fresh evidence. I say nothing about expenses, because my partner and myself would advance whatever was necessary where Miss Halcombe's interests were concerned. It is the difficulties and the delays that would be too much for us. Every obstacle of litigation would be put in our way; every point in the case would be systematically contested—and by the time we had spent our thousands, instead of our hundreds, the final result would, in all probability, be against us. Questions of identity, where instances of personal resemblance are concerned, are, in themselves, the hardest of all questions to settle—the hardest, even when they are free from the complications which beset the case we are now discussing. I really see no prospect of throwing any light whatever on this extraordinary affair. Even if the person buried in Limmeridge church-yard be not Lady Glyde, she was, in life, on your own showing, so like her, that we should gain nothing if we applied for the necessary authority to have the body exhumed. In short, there is no case, Mr. Hartright—there is really no case."

I was determined to believe that there *was* a case, and, in that determination, shifted my ground and appealed to him once more.

"Are there not other proofs that we might produce besides the proof of identity?" I asked.

"Not as you are situated," he replied. "The simplest and surest of all proofs, the proof by comparison of dates, is, as I understand, altogether out of your reach. If you could show a discrepancy between the date of the doctor's certificate and the date of Lady Glyde's journey to London, the matter would wear a totally different aspect; and I should be the first to say, Let us go on."

"That date may yet be recovered, Mr. Kyrle."

"On the day when it is recovered, Mr. Hartright, you will have a case. If you have any prospect, at this moment, of getting at it—tell me, and we shall see if I can advise you."

I considered. The housekeeper could not help us; Laura could not help us; Marian could not help us. In all probability the only persons in existence who knew the date were Sir Percival and the Count.

"I can think of no means of ascertaining the date at present," I said, "because I can think of no persons who are sure to know it but Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde."

Mr. Kyrle's calmly-attentive face relaxed, for the first time, into a smile.

"With your opinion of the conduct of those two gentlemen," he said, "you don't expect help in that quarter, I presume? If they have combined to gain large sums of money by a conspiracy, they are not likely to confess it at any rate."

"They may be forced to confess it, Mr. Kyrle."

"By whom?"

"By me."

We both rose. He looked me attentively in the face, with more appearance of interest than he had shown yet. I could see that I had perplexed him a little.

"You are very determined," he said. "You have, no doubt, a personal motive for proceeding, into which it is not my business to inquire. If a case can be produced in the future, I can only say my best assistance is at your service. At the same time I must warn you, as the money question always enters into the law question, that I see little hope, even if you ultimately established the fact of Lady Glyde's being alive, of recovering her fortune. The foreigner would probably leave the country before proceedings were commenced; and Sir Percival's embarrassments are numerous enough and pressing enough to transfer almost any sum of money he may possess from himself to his creditors. You are, of course, aware—"

I stopped him at that point.

"Let me beg that we may not discuss Lady Glyde's affairs," I said. "I have never known any thing about them in former times, and I know nothing of them now—except that her fortune is lost. You are right in assuming that I have personal motives for stirring in this matter. I wish those motives to be always as disinterested as they are at the present moment—"

He tried to interpose and explain. I was a little heated, I suppose, by feeling that he had doubted me; and I went on bluntly without waiting to hear him.

"There shall be no money-motive," I said, "no idea of personal advantage in the service I mean to render to Lady Glyde. She has been cast out as a stranger from the house in which she was born—a lie which records her death has been written on her mother's tomb—and there are two men, alive and unpunished, who are responsible for it. That house shall open again to receive her in the presence of every soul who followed the false funeral to the grave; that lie shall be publicly erased from the tombstone by the authority of the head of the family; and those two men shall answer for their crime to ME, though the justice that sits in tribunals is powerless to pursue them. I have given my life to that purpose; and alone as I stand, if God spares me, I will accomplish it."

He drew back toward his table and said nothing. His face showed plainly that he thought my delusion had got the better of my reason, and that he considered it totally useless to give me any more advice.

"We each keep our opinion, Mr. Kyrle," I said; "and we must wait till the events of the future decide between us. In the mean time I am much obliged to you for the attention you have given to my statement. You have shown me that the legal remedy lies, in every sense of the word, beyond our means. We can not produce the law-proof; and we are not rich enough to pay the law expenses. It is something gained to know that."

I bowed and walked to the door. He called me back and gave me the letter which I had seen him place on the table by itself at the beginning of our interview.

"This came by post a few days ago," he said. "Perhaps you will not mind delivering it? Pray tell Miss Halcombe at the same time that I sincerely regret being thus far unable to help her—except by advice, which will not be more welcome, I am afraid, to her than to you."

I looked at the letter while he was speaking. It was addressed to "Miss Halcombe. Care of Messrs. Gilmore & Kyrle, Chancery Lane." The handwriting was quite unknown to me.

On leaving the room I asked one last question.

"Do you happen to know," I said, "if Sir Percival Glyde is still in Paris?"

"He has returned to London," replied Mr. Kyrle. "At least I heard so from his solicitor, whom I met yesterday."

After that answer I went out.

On leaving the office the first precaution to be observed was to abstain from attracting attention by stopping to look about me. I walked toward one of the quietest of the large squares on the north of Holborn—then suddenly stopped and turned round at a place where a long stretch of pavement was left behind me.

There were two men at the corner of the square who had stopped also, and who were standing talking together. After a moment's reflection I turned back so as to pass them. One moved as I came near and turned the corner leading from the square into the street. The other remained stationary. I looked at him as I passed and instantly recognized one of the men who had watched me before I left England.

If I had been free to follow my own instincts I should probably have begun by speaking to the man, and have ended by knocking him down. But I was bound to consider consequences. If I once placed myself publicly in the wrong, I put the weapons at once into Sir Percival's hands. There was no choice but to oppose cunning by cunning. I turned into the street down which the second man had disappeared, and passed him waiting in a door-way. He was a stranger to me; and I was glad to make sure of his personal appearance in case of future annoyance. Having done this I again walked northward till I reached the New Road. There I turned aside to the west (having the men behind me all the time), and waited at a point where I knew myself to be at some distance from a cab-stand, until a fast two-wheel cab, empty, should happen to pass me. One passed in a few minutes. I jumped in and told the man to drive rapidly toward Hyde Park. There was no second fast cab for the spies behind me. I saw them dart across to the other side of the road to follow me by running until a cab or a cab-stand came in their way. But I had the start of them, and when I stopped the driver and got out they were nowhere in sight. I crossed Hyde Park and made sure on the open ground that I was free. When I at last turned my steps homeward it was not till many hours later—not till after dark.

I found Marian waiting for me alone in the little sitting-room. She had persuaded Laura to go to rest after first promising to show me her drawing the moment I came in. The poor little dim faint sketch—so trifling in itself, so touching in its associations—was propped up carefully on the table with two books, and was placed where the faint light of the one candle we allowed ourselves might fall on it to the best advantage. I sat down to look at the drawing, and to tell Marian in whispers what had happened. The partition which divided us from the next room was so thin that we could almost hear Laura's breathing, and we might have disturbed her if we had spoken aloud.

Marian preserved her composure while I described my interview with Mr. Kyrle. But her face became troubled when I spoke next of the men who had followed me from the lawyer's office, and when I told her of the discovery of Sir Percival's return.

"Bad news, Walter," she said; "the worst news you could bring. Have you nothing more to tell me?"

"I have something to give you," I replied, handing her the note which Mr. Kyrle had confided to my care.

She looked at the address and recognized the handwriting instantly.

"You know your correspondent?" I said.

"Too well," she answered. "My correspondent is Count Fosco."

With that reply she opened the note. Her face flushed deeply while she read it—her eyes brightened with anger, as she handed it to me to read in my turn.

The note contained these lines:

"Impelled by honorable admiration—honorable to myself, honorable to you—I write, magnificent Marian, in the interests of your tranquillity, to say two consoling words:

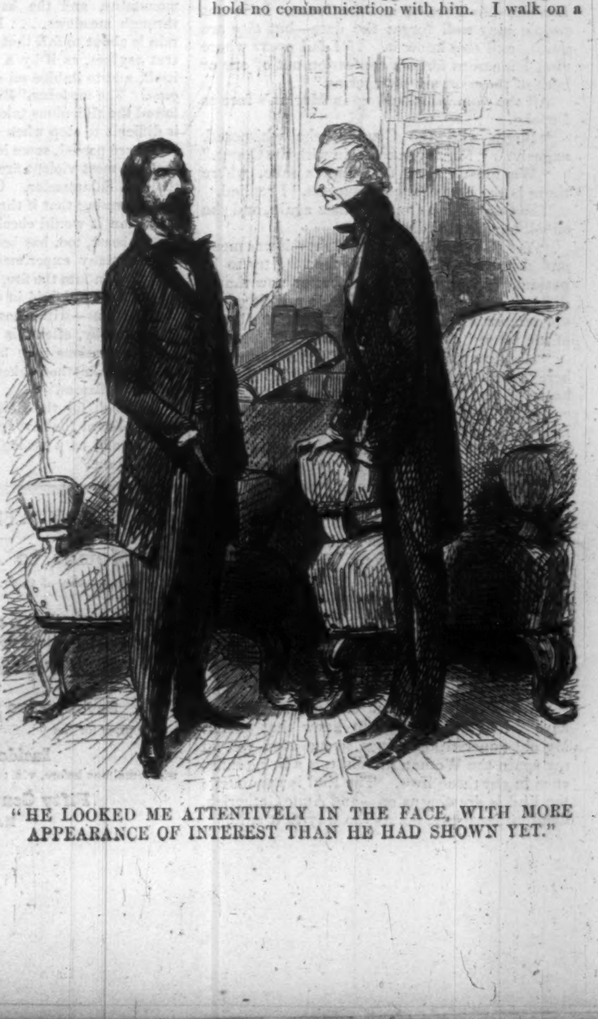
"Fear nothing!

"Exercise your fine natural sense and remain in retirement. Dear and admirable woman! invite no dangerous publicity. Resignation is sublime—adopt it. The modest repose of home is eternally fresh—enjoy it. The Storms of life pass harmless over the valley of Seclusion—dwell, dear lady, in the valley.

"Do this; and I authorize you to fear nothing. No new calamity shall lacerate your sensibilities—sensibilities precious to me as my own. You shall not be molested; the fair companion of your retreat shall not be pursued. She has found a new asylum in your heart. Priceless asylum!—I envy her, and leave her there.

"One last word of affectionate warning, of paternal caution, and I tear myself from the charm of addressing you; I close these fervent lines.

"Advance no farther than you have gone already; compromise no serious interests; threaten nobody. Do not, I implore you, force me into action—ME, the Man of Action—when it is the cherished object of my ambition to be passive, to restrict the vast reach of my energies and my combinations for your sake. If you have rash friends, moderate their deplorable ardor. If Mr. Hartright returns to England hold no communication with him. I walk on a



"HE LOOKED ME ATTENTIVELY IN THE FACE, WITH MORE APPEARANCE OF INTEREST THAN HE HAD SHOWN YET."

path of my own; and Percival follows at my heels. On the day when Mr. Hartright crosses that path he is a lost man."

The only signature to these lines was the initial letter F, surrounded by a circle of intricate flourishes. I threw the letter on the table with all the contempt that I felt for it.

"He is trying to frighten you—a sure sign that he is frightened himself," I said.

She was too genuine a woman to treat the letter as I treated it. The insolent familiarity of the language was too much for her self-control. As she looked at me across the table her hands clenched themselves in her lap, and the old quick fiery temper flamed out again, brightly, in her cheeks and her eyes.

"Walter!" she said, "if ever those two men are at your mercy, and if you are obliged to spare one of them—don't let it be the Count."

"I will keep his letter, Marian, to help my memory when the time comes."

She looked at me attentively as I put the letter away in my pocket-book.

"When the time comes?" she repeated. "Can you speak of the future as if you were certain of it?—certain after what you have heard in Mr. Kyrle's office, after what has happened to you to-day?"

"I don't count the time from to-day, Marian. All I have done to-day is to ask another man to act for me. I count from to-morrow—"

"Why from to-morrow?"

"Because to-morrow I mean to act for myself."

"How?"

"I shall go to Blackwater by the first train, and return, I hope, at night."

"To Blackwater!"

"Yes. I have had time to think since I left Mr. Kyrle. His opinion on one point confirms my own. We must persist to the last in hunting down the date of Laura's journey. The one weak point in the conspiracy, and probably the one chance of proving that she is a living woman, centre in the discovery of that date."

"You mean," said Marian, "the discovery that Laura did not leave Blackwater Park till *after* the date of her death on the doctor's certificate?"

"Certainly."

"What makes you think it might have been *after?* Laura can tell us nothing of the time she was in London."

"But the owner of the Asylum told you that she was received there on the thirtieth of July. I doubt Count Fosco's ability to keep her in London, and to keep her insensible to all that was passing around her, more than one night. In that case she must have started on the twenty-ninth, and must have come to London one day after the date of her own death on the doctor's certificate. If we can prove that date we prove our case against Sir Percival and the Count."

"Yes, yes—I see! But how is the proof to be obtained?"

"Mrs. Michelson's narrative has suggested to me two ways of trying to obtain it. One of them is, to question the doctor, Mr. Dawson—who must know when he resumed his attendance at Blackwater Park after Laura left the house. The other is, to make inquiries at the inn to which Sir Percival drove away by himself at night. We know that his departure followed Laura's, after the lapse of a few hours; and we may get at the date in that way. The attempt is at least worth making—and to-morrow I am determined it shall be made."

"And suppose it fails—I look at the worst now, Walter; but I will look at the best if disappointments come to try us—suppose no one can help you at Blackwater?"

"There are two men who can help me in London—Sir Percival and the Count. Innocent people may well forget the date—but *they* are guilty, and *they* know it. If I fail every where else, I mean to force a confession out of one or both of them on my own terms."

All the woman flushed up in Marian's face as I spoke.

"Begin with the Count!" she whispered, eagerly. "For my sake begin with the Count."

"We must begin, for Laura's sake, where there is the best chance of success," I replied.

The color faded from her face again, and she shook her head sadly.

"Yes," she said, "you are right—it was mean and miserable of me to say that. I try to be patient, Walter, and succeed better now than I did in happier times. But I have a little of my old temper still left—and it *will* get the better of me when I think of the Count."

"His turn will come," I said. "But, remember, there is no weak place in his life that we know of yet." I waited a little to let her recover her self-possession, and then spoke the decisive words: "Marian! There is a weak place we both know of in Sir Percival's life—"

"You mean the Secret?"

"Yes, the Secret. It is our only sure hold on him. I can force him from his position of security, I can drag him and his villainy into the face of day, by no other means Whatever the Count may have done, Sir Percival has consented to the conspiracy against Laura from another motive besides the motive of gain. You heard him tell the Count that he believed his wife knew enough to ruin him? You heard him say that he was a lost man if the secret of Anne Catherick was known?"

"Yes! yes! I did."

"Well, Marian, when our other resources have failed us I mean to know that secret. My old superstition clings to me even yet. I say again the Woman in White is a living influence in our three lives. The End is appointed; the End is drawing us on—and Anne Catherick, dead in her grave, points the way to it still!"

WHAT IS A SALAMANDER?

What does the world expect a Salamander to be like? What did the writer anticipate when he hurried off to inspect this creature? Did he imagine that he should find an enormous furnace roaring and blazing in a cage of red-hot bars, and that, standing aloof from this, and peering into the hottest and most central portion of the flame, he would there behold an enormous Red Monster distantly resembling the griffin of heraldry lifting its spined and bat-like wings, and flapping them in burning joy over its head? If perfect candor is to characterize the communications of the writer, he must own that there was some such thing in his thoughts. The vile ancients are to blame for this. They have described a creature "that is bred from heat, that lives in the flames, and feeds upon fire as its proper nourishment."

Let us turn from them to the Salamander of the nineteenth century, and of the Zoological Gardens. A tank in a dark corner is substituted for the cage with the red-hot bars, while the furnace is represented by an element which, however satisfactory in itself, is something of a surprise when you have expected a fire—in a word, the tank is full of water!

It is full also of eels: of little eels and trumpery minnows, or small gudgeons, which are swimming about, apparently in discomfort, for they keep very near the surface, and some of them are turning up their little white stomachs in the agonies of death. This was all that your servant saw, except that in the darkest corner of the tank, and under a ledge, there appeared to be a sort of eft, or lizard, of enormous size, brown, bloated, and hideous; in other words, the Gigantic Salamander, the Sieboldia maxima of Japan.

"This animal," the descriptive notice goes on to say, "is the largest specimen of the true amphibious known to exist. . . . It is the nearest living analogue of the fossil salamander of the tertiary fresh-water formation of Œningen, described by Scheuchzer as a fossil man (Homo diluvii testis), and since called Andreas Scheuchzeri."

Against the earlier and more scientific portion of this description, your servant has nothing to say. He has no objection to make to the announcement that this noisome animal is of "the tertiary fresh-water formation of Œningen," because he has not the remotest idea what that is. To all this sort of thing he is ready to agree; but against the notion of the "fossil man," as a term under any circumstances applicable to this huge and bloated eft, he desires to take instant and indignant exception.

The fossil man of our Andrew is a creature about two feet in its extreme length from the end of its most appalling snout to the extremity of its hideous tail. It is a crawling dragon; an exaggerated eft; a pestiferous and appalling lizard; a soft and dwarfish crocodile. What is it not that is unclean and fearful? From end to end it is covered, and on its huge and flattened head especially, with blotchy manginess of a diseased and mouldy order. And this is your notion, Andrew, of a fossil man, is it? Oh, Andrew, Andrew!

But this Salamander is the culminating point of all delusions, and of none more obviously than that which the Zoological Society seems to have entertained with regard to its appetite. In their hospitality toward the stranger, this body has filled his tank with little fishes, even to overflowing, yet we read in Goldsmith of a specimen of this tribe which lived eight months without taking any nourishment whatever. "Indeed," the writer adds, "as many of this kind are torpid, or nearly so, during the winter, the loss of their appetite for so long a time is the less surprising."

There never was a worse shot made than attributing any fiery properties to the Salamander. It appears to be one of the dampest and—if the expression is allowable—sloppiest animals that exist. "Salamanders," says Buffon, "are fond of *cold, damp places*, thick shades, tufted woods, or high mountains, and the banks of streams that run through meadows. . . . It is commonly only when rain is about to fall that it comes forth from its secret asylum, as if by a kind of necessity to bathe itself, and to imbibe *an element to which it is analogous.* The moderns," Buffon continues, "have followed the ridiculous tales of the ancients, and as it is difficult to stop when once the bounds of probability are passed, some have gone so far as to think that the most violent fire could be extinguished by the land Salamander. Quacks sold this small lizard, affirming that if thrown into the greatest conflagration it would check its progress." The unhappy beast, too, has been in this respect the subject of many experiments, and because, when it was thrown into the fire, it was sure to burst and to eject its natural fluid in doing so, the Philosophical Transactions—with whose compilers we would rather, by-the-by, after this specimen, have philosophical transactions than business ones—tell us that this is the method taken by the animal to extinguish the flames.

So much for the Salamander, the largest and ugliest lizard that ever was seen; and in that capacity, and as a zoological curiosity, well worth going to see.

HOT BATHS.—We would call attention to the various hot baths not usually found in Water Cures, such as the medicated chemical bath, the hot acid, alkali and salt bath, and the hot douches and sprays in use at the Round Hill Water Cure, in Northampton, Mass. The gentlemen's bathing rooms in this establishment have been the past winter re-constructed and thoroughly repaired, and the Doctor is now building a two-story bath—quite a novelty in this country—it being a set of Oriental, Turkish, and Russian baths. They are said, in cases of extreme flesh, to have reduced the weight twenty pounds in a week. We have all read of the great suppleness of the joints and youthful grace of motion attained by the use of the Turkish bath. We congratulate the public on its introduction here under such favorable circumstances as the scientific management of Dr. Halsted insures. The benefits arising from a judicious medical use of these various baths, can scarcely be overestimated in relieving the system from impurities of the blood, local congestion, and the baleful effects of mineral medicines. Alternated with the tonic use of cold water and the thorough invigoration of the system which Dr. Halsted knows so well how to induce, we cease to wonder at his success. These baths are of especial value in treating those deep-seated diseases dependent on an active virus in the blood and scrofula in the system; also, in treating liver complaint, rheumatism, and gout. This Water Cure is open summer and winter. It is crowded with visitors in the warm months, attracted not only by its superior advantages for regaining health, but by its home comforts, pure mountain air, and the fame of its beautiful scenery. The quickest recoveries, however, are made in the cool months.—*Springfield Republican.*

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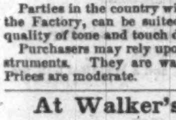

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